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Pro-Slavery.

A SOUTHERN WITNESS.—HEAR HIM.

Extracted from an address by the Rev. Josiah Spry Law, contained in the seventh Annual Report of the "Association for the Religious Instruction of Negroes," in Liberty county, Georgia:

There are many who, while they feel their obligation to the heathen, seem almost insensible to their duties to the negroes. Oh, the infatuation and folly of that philanthropy which is ever looking *abroad* for objects upon which to bestow its blessings, while thousands of just as needy objects are dying at its very door. Our negroes have claims upon us superior to those of the heathen; though they both have strong claims, and both can and should be met. I love the cause of foreign missions; I love to plead that cause; but I frankly confess the neglected wants and claims of our negroes have always served to dampen my zeal on that subject. I cannot abide the lying spirit which will prompt an individual to give a hundred dollars to foreign missions, but when asked to contribute to the support of the gospel among the negroes, will give but one! Where, I ask, is the justice of giving money, which is the product of *their* labor, for the support of the gospel among *another* people, while thousands of *themselves* are living and dying without the privilege of a preached gospel; and this, in some instances, for the want of means to sustain suitable missionaries among them. The southern States have given money enough to northern churches, and northern colleges, and to other northern institutions, to have established an efficient ministration of the Word through the whole length and breadth of our slave population. Indeed, we should blush at our folly, and weep over our criminal indifference to the spiritual welfare of our servants.

Low indeed is the standard of morals among them; feeble indeed is their sense of the great evil of sin; the fear of hell constituting the strongest moral inducement with many of them to forsake vicious practices, and become members of the church. Lying, stealing, and drunkenness, gross immorality and profanation of the Sabbath, are common sins among them; and, what is truly lamentable, the practice of any, or all these sins, does not affect reputation among themselves, as it should; and consequently, a very strong incentive to forsake them is lost. Some of these vices seem really to be hereditary, descending from parent to child. Often is it the case that the parent teaches and encourages the child to steal and to lie; and thus they grow up under the pernicious influence of these vices, to teach them again to their children, spreading moral death from generation to generation. They are exposed to more temptations than any other class, at the same time they are surrounded with fewer restraints. With many, the master's authority is the greatest preventive to crime; but this, in many instances, is so easily evaded, either by their own cunning, or through a feeble administration, that it becomes of little avail in improving the moral character. Many of them are strangers to the influence of good example, either from their owners or their fellow-servants. They sometimes see in their masters and overseers the very worst specimens of moral character. From the cradle to the grave, thousands of them live and breathe a moral atmosphere that is death to the human soul. *All are strangers to intellectual, and thousands of them to moral culture.* That powerful restraint, love of character, is lost to them; for they have so many partners in crime, that with them there is no exclusion from society. Besides, vice is so common among them, that it has lost that hideousness which it wears to more moral and enlightened minds.

Another reason why we are under obligation to teach them, is, that they are our servants, and under our control. They are under obligations to obey; and this obligation is not limited to kind and just requisitions; for they are commanded to obey not only "the good and gentle," but also "the froward;" and to prevent any abuse on the part of the master, arising from so strong obligation resting upon his servant, he is expressly commanded, "Give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven." There is your servant, he is commanded by his God to obey you, without any regard to the justice or injustice of your character as a master. "Servants, be subject to your masters; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward." Has your servant no redress? Is he left entirely at your mercy? His redress, his protection, is in that solemn consideration, by which the command to masters to "give unto servants that which is just and equal," is enforced, *knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven.* Oh, in what solemn circumstances are masters placed! The eye of their heavenly Master is upon them, and he will assuredly measure to them the same measure which they mete to their servants.

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Another consideration is, that they have no access to the written word of God. We have taken under our own keeping the key of knowledge. They cannot read the word of God; we are the cause of this inability; and shall we not read it for them, and have it read and expounded to them?

* * * * * *

Few of our colored people ever attend church; and if they do, they hear nothing they can understand. There is a growing interest in this community in the religious instruction of negroes. *There is a conviction that religious instruction promotes the quiet and order of the people, and the pecuniary interest of the owners.*

Missionaries should be sent among them; men of prudence, intelligence, and piety. These should be *southern* men, who will confine themselves to their particular work; carefully abstaining from all intermeddling with *the affairs and regulations of the plantations* upon which they preach.

In 1833, a committee of the synod of South Carolina and Georgia made a report, which contains the following:

Who would credit it, that in these years of revival and benevolent effort, in this Christian republic, there are over two millions of human beings in the condition of heathen, and in some respects in a worse condition. From long-continued and close observation, we believe that their moral and religious condition is such that they may justly be considered the heathen of this Christian country, and will bear comparison with the heathen of any country in the world. The negroes are destitute of the gospel, and *ever will be, under the present state of things.* In the vast field extending from an entire State beyond the Potomac, to the Sabine river, and from the Atlantic to the Ohio, there are, to the best of our knowledge, not *twelve* men exclusively devoted to the religious instruction of the negroes. In the present state of feeling in the South, *a ministry of their own color could neither be obtained nor tolerated.* The negroes have no regular and efficient ministry; as a matter of course, no churches; neither is there sufficient room in the white churches for their accommodation.

Selections.

THE APOSTLES AND SLAVERY.

BY DR. BRISBANE.

The apostles' doctrine on the subject of slaveholding, is very easily apprehended by every fair and unbiassed mind. Wherever a church was founded amid a slaveholding population, three practical questions arose, and only three; by deciding which, the apostles declared the whole mind of God, respecting slavery:

1st. What shall converted slaves do, whose masters remain heathen.

2d. The duty of Christian masters, whose slaves remain heathen.

3d. Where both master and slave were converted to Christianity.

1. The first was a very common case; for the first converts of Christianity were among the most despised of the people. Hence, the converted slaves naturally wished to know of the apostles whether the law of Christ allowed them to claim liberty from their masters. The apostles would not, of course, set each slave, without any concert, to rebel single-handed against the whole power of the Roman empire, by whose laws his owner held him in slavery, as that would be madly to throw away their lives. They therefore directed the converted slave to endure his condition with patience, till he could get free; 1 Cor. vii. 20: "Art thou called being a servant," (doulos, servant, but may mean slave,) "care not for it." (Greek, *meleto*, i. e. do not grieve and vex yourself about it. Bear it patiently.) "*But if thou mayest be made free, use it rather.*" The phraseology is peculiar. The apostle does not say, "if your master offers to emancipate you;" "but if thou (*dunasai eleutheros genesthai*) art able to get free, use it rather." In plain English, bear your bonds till you can safely escape them; or, as one has beautifully paraphrased it,

"Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,
And snap the bond the moment when you may."

2d. The second case was where the master was converted to Christ, and the slave not; should he send his slave away, or retain him?

The answer given by the apostles, is in Col. iv. 1: "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal;" or more rigidly rendered, "give them justice and equality;" that is, in plain terms, in all business matters, treat them as your equals.

The last case, where master and slave were converted, as were Onesimus and Philemon, is settled in Phil. 16th verse; where Paul commands Philemon to receive Onesimus. "Not now as a servant, (doulos,) but as above a servant, a brother beloved." So Paul commanded, and Philemon promptly obeyed. Onesimus was immediately freed, was soon joined in an ecclesiastical commission with Tychicus, and soon after, it is said, became bishop of Ephesus.

These three cases include all that could possibly arise respecting slavery, in planting the first churches in slaveholding lands; and in every case, the apostles take the ground of the immediate abolition of the practice.

DR. CHANNING.

Extracts from his address at Lenox, Mass. on the First of August, 1842, the anniversary of Emancipation in the British West Indies:

Perhaps you will say, that we are bound to wait for the *fruits* of emancipation, before we celebrate it as a great event in history. I think not so. We ought to rejoice immediately, without delay, whenever an act of justice is done; especially a grand public act, subverting the oppression of ages. We ought to triumph, when the right prospers, without waiting for consequences. We ought not to doubt about consequences, when men, in obedience to conscience, and in the exercise of their best wisdom, redress a mighty wrong. If God reigns, then the subversion of a vast crime, then the breaking of an unrighteous yoke, must, in its final results, be good. Undoubtedly an old abuse, which has sent its roots through society, cannot be removed without inconvenience or suffering. Indeed, no great social change, however beneficial, can occur without partial, temporary pain. But must abuses be sheltered without end, and human progress given up in despair, because some, who have fattened on wrongs, will cease to prosper at the expense of their brethren? Undoubtedly, slavery cannot be broken up without deranging, in a measure, the old social order. Must, therefore, slavery be perpetual? Has the Creator laid on any portion of his children the necessity of everlasting bondage? Must wrong know no end? Has oppression a charter from God, which is never to grow old? What a libel on God, as well as on man, is the supposition, that society cannot subsist without perpetuating the degradation of a large portion of the race! Is this indeed the law of the creation, that multitudes must be oppressed? That States can subsist and prosper only through crime? Then there is no God. Then an evil spirit reigns over the universe. It is an impious error to believe, that injustice is a necessity under the government of the Most High. It is disloyalty to principle, treachery to virtue, to suppose that a righteous, generous work, conceived in a sense of duty, and carried on with deliberate forethought, can issue in misery, in ruin. To this want of faith in rectitude, society owes its woes, owes the licensed frauds and crimes of statesmen, the licensed frauds of trade, the continuance of slavery. Once let men put faith in rectitude, let them feel that justice is strength, that disinterestedness is a sun and a shield, that selfishness and crime are weak and miserable, and the face of the earth would be changed. The groans of ages would cease. We ought to shout for joy, not shrink like cowards, when justice and humanity triumph over established wrongs.

The emancipation of the British islands ought, then, to have called forth acclamation at its birth. Much more should we rejoice in it now, when time has taught us the folly of the fears and the suspicions which it awakened, and taught us the safety of doing right. Emancipation has worked well. By this I do not mean, that it has worked miracles. I have no glowing pictures to exhibit to you of the West India islands. An act of the British parliament, declaring them free, has not changed them into a paradise. A few strokes of the pen, cannot reverse the laws of nature, or conquer the almost omnipotent power of early and long-continued habit. Even in this country, where we breathe the air of freedom from our birth, and where we have grown up amidst churches and school-houses, and under wise and equal laws, even here we find no paradise. Here are crime, and poverty, and wo; and can you expect a poor, ignorant race, born to bondage, scarred with the lash, uneducated, and unused to all the motives which stimulate industry, can you expect these to unlearn in a day the lessons of years, and to furnish all at once themes for eloquent description? Were you to visit those islands, you would find a slovenly agriculture, much ignorance, and more sloth than you see at home; and yet emancipation works well, far better than could have been anticipated. To me it could hardly have worked otherwise than well. It banished slavery, that wrong and curse not to be borne. It gave freedom, the dear birthright of humanity; and had it done nothing more, I should have found in it cause for joy. Freedom, simple freedom, is, "in my estimation, just, far prized above all price." I do not stop to ask, if the emancipated are better fed and clothed than formerly. They are FREE, and that one word contains a world of good unknown to the most pampered slave.

But emancipation has brought more than naked liberty. The emancipated are making progress in intelligence, comforts, purity; and progress is the great good of life. No matter where men are at any given moment; the great question about them is, are they going forward? Do they improve? Slavery was immovable, hopeless degradation. It is the glory of liberty to favor progress; and this great blessing, emancipation has bestowed. We were told, indeed, that emancipation was to turn the green islands of the West Indies into deserts; but they still rise from the tropical sea as blooming and verdant as before. We were told, that the slaves, if set free, would break out in universal massacre; but since that event, not a report has reached us of murder perpetrated by a colored man on the white population. We were told, that crimes would multiply; but they are diminished in every emancipated island, and very greatly in most. We were told, that the freed slave would abandon himself to idleness; and this I did anticipate, to a considerable degree, as the first result. Men, on whom industry had been forced by the lash, and who had been taught to regard sloth as their master's chief good, were strongly tempted to surrender the first days of freedom to indolent indulgence. But in this respect the evil has been so small, as to fill a reflecting man with admiration. In truth, no race but the African could have made the great transition with so little harm to themselves and others. In general, they resumed their work after a short burst of joy. The desire of property, of bettering their lot, at once sprang up within them in sufficient strength to counterbalance the love of ease. Some of them have become proprietors of the soil. New villages have grown up under their hands; their huts are more comfortable; their dress more decent, sometimes too expensive. When I tell you that the price of real estate in these islands has risen, and that the imports from the mother country, especially those for the laborer's use, have increased, you will judge whether the liberated slaves are living as drones. Undoubtedly the planter has sometimes wanted workmen, and the staple product of the island, sugar, has decreased. But this can be explained without much reproach to the emancipated. The laborer, who in slavery was overtasked in the cane-field and sugar-mill, is anxious to buy or hire land sufficient for his support, and to work for himself, instead of hiring himself to another. A planter from British Guiana, informed me, a few weeks ago, that a company of colored men had paid down seventy thousand dollars for a tract of land in the most valuable part of that colony. It is not sloth, so much as a spirit of manly independence, which has withdrawn the laborer from the plantation; and this evil, if so it must be called, has been increased by his unwillingness to subject his wife and daughter to the toils of the field, which they used to bear in the days of slavery. Undoubtedly the colored population might do more, but they do enough to earn a better lot than they ever enjoyed, and the work of improvement goes on among them.

I pass to a still brighter view. The spirit of education has sprung up among the people to an extent worthy of admiration. We despise them; and yet there is reason to believe, that a more general desire to educate their children is to be found among them, than exists among large portions of the white population in the slave States of the South. They have learned, that their ignorance is the great barrier between them and the white men, and this they are in earnest to prostrate. It has been stated, that in one island, not a child above ten years of age was unable to read. Human history probably furnishes no parallel of an equal progress, in a half-civilized community.

To this must be added their interest in religious institutions. Their expenditures for the support of these are such, as should put to shame the backwardness of multitudes in countries calling themselves civilized. They do more than we, in proportion to their means. Some of them have even subscribed funds for the diffusion of the gospel in Africa, an instance of their zeal, rather than their wisdom; for they undoubtedly need all they can spare for their own instruction. Their conceptions of religion, are of course narrow and rude, but their hearts have been touched by its simpler truths; and love is the key to higher knowledge. To this let me add, that marriage is acquiring sanctity in their eyes, that domestic life is putting on a new refinement, and you will see that this people have all the elements of social progress. Property, marriage, and religion, have been called the pillars of society; and of these the liberated slave has learned the value.

The result of all these various improvements, is what every wise friend of humanity must rejoice in. Their social position is changed. They have taken rank among men. They are no longer degraded by being *looked on as degraded.* They no longer live under that withering curse, the contempt of their fellow-beings. The tone in which they are spoken to, no longer expresses their infinite and hopeless depression. They are treated as *men;* some of them engage in lucrative pursuits; all the paths of honor as well as of gain are open to them; they are found in the legislatures; they fill civil offices; they have military appointments; and in all these conditions acquit themselves honorably. Their humanity is recognized, and without this recognition, men pine and had better be left to perish.

I have no thought of painting these islands as Edens. That great ignorance prevails among the emancipated people, that they want our energy, that the degradation of slavery has not vanished all at once with the name, this I need not tell you. No miracle has been wrought on them. But their present lot, compared with slavery, is an immense good; and when we consider, that as yet we have seen comparatively nothing of the blessed influences of freedom, we ought to thank God with something of their own fervor for the vast deliverance which he hath vouchsafed them.

We commemorate with transport the redemption of a nation from political bondage; but this is a light burden compared with personal slavery. The oppression which these United States threw off by our revolutionary struggle, was the perfection of freedom, when placed by the side of the galling, crushing, intolerable yoke which bowed the African to the dust. Thank God, it is broken. Thank God, our most injured brethren have risen to the rank of men. Thank God, eight hundred thousand human beings have been made free.

From the Philanthropist.

MATTERS AND THINGS IN THE EAST.

DR. BAILEY:

Dear Sir—I notice in the Emancipator, of July 21st, some remarks of Mr. Leavitt, upon the proceedings of the Ohio Anti-Slavery Society, at its anniversary, and the subsequent doings of some of its members, calculated to convey quite erroneous impressions to the public mind. Two mistakes, in point of fact, occur in his account of the proceedings of that society. First, in stating that a "resolution to restore the society to its former relations as auxiliary to the American Anti-Slavery Society," was indefinitely postponed. Secondly, that Mr. Collins "made strenuous efforts to carry it."

Those who took the lead in the action of the society upon the proposed revival of auxiliaryship, did not trust the members with a discussion of the real question, or with a direct vote upon it. All the discussion permitted was upon a substitute for the motion, called an amendment, and upon the motion to postpone the whole subject indefinitely. This mixed subject it was, which was indefinitely postponed by a vote. Instead of strenuous efforts having been made by Mr. Collins to carry the original motion, or to defeat the one before the house, he occupied but a limited time, and expressed his regret and astonishment that he was not permitted to debate the true issue.

The editor of the Emancipator knows his own motives, and if guiltless of an intention to mislead his readers on this and other points which I shall notice, he can readily ascertain the facts in the case, and make them public, which it was his duty to have done in the first instance.

What impression he *wished* to convey, may be in some degree inferred by the epithets he sees fit to apply. "A small party of Garrisonian abolitionists" committed some heinous offenses in his sight. How does he know that it was a small party? I appeal to the respected President of the Ohio Society, and to all of its members present, if the vote in the society upon the indefinite postponement of the subject was not only doubted, but doubtful, as to where the majority lay, when taken by ayes and noes. Or, if this be not considered a satisfactory test, I appeal to the same authority to testify, not to the respectability and pure abolitionism alone, but to the numerical strength of those who organized and sanctioned the Ohio American Society. "Garrison abolitionists!" Does Joshua Leavitt suppose, because he has put upon his neck a collar, with the name of James G. Birney inscribed thereon, that there can be no such man as a freeman who dares to call his soul his own, and to be *his own* man? It would seem so, by his insinuation, that these abolitionists, who are not satisfied with the policy of the liberty party organization, are in favor of electing Henry Clay to the Presidency. There are many in Ohio who look upon William Lloyd Garrison as an able, eloquent, uncompromising, honest friend of the slave, who might safely be entrusted with the property of abolitionists accumulated for the prosecution of their enterprise, without danger of his prostituting the trust thus reposed in him to forward the purposes of a political party; but still I doubt whether they will be found willing to wear a collar inscribed with his name, or of his manufacture, any more than one forged out by J. Leavitt and his associates, in whom they do not repose the same degree of confidence.

I believe I should hazard nothing by the prediction, that not a vote will be cast with either the whig or democratic party, although many will be given with the liberty party, by those who reunited themselves to the American Anti-Slavery Society, by the movement at Mt. Vernon. In the absence of all facts tending to a contrary conclusion, one can hardly avoid attributing sinister motives for such a course as that pursued by the editor of the Emancipator relative to the affair. If he would take a retrospect of the transactions of the Executive Committee of the American Society, for a short period preceding the secession at New-York, in 1840, and connect these affairs with the action at Massillon, which dissolved our auxiliaryship, he could find reasons of more force with us, if they should prove less agreeable to him to spread before his readers, than those he has taxed his fancy to imagine in determining our action at Mount Vernon. He might, perhaps, with his acuteness, be able then to perceive the difference between our reorganization in Ohio, and the new organization of the eastern States.

A different subject, but one which anxiety for the cause of the down-trodden bondman impels me to notice, now calls for a few remarks. The Abolitionist, of July 21st, edited by J. C. Jackson, has a letter from Gerrit Smith, with these passages:—"Ohio abolition can amuse itself with a new-fangled liberty party, whose selfish scheme is to keep but its own neck from under the yoke." Notwithstanding a part of the action of the liberty party of Ohio has given some foundation for this charge, to bring it in these terms against Ohio abolition, or even the Ohio liberty party, is ugly and unlike Gerrit Smith. If I understand him, he goes for anti-slavery political action himself. Why, then, so severe a rebuke for an error in judgment simply, in those who agree with him in principle if not in detail? I have feared the reason might be gathered from the next sentence of his own letter. "Ohio abolition (shame on it!) can, through its mouth-piece, the Philanthropist, tell the wretched, starving, fugitive slave, that it is immoral for him to pick up a loaf of bread which is not legally his own." Is not that a portion of the offense, think ye, that though erring on one hand by advocating unrighteous measures to accomplish a holy end, the Philanthropist, on the other, took the only correct moral ground, that the end does not sanctify the means, and, therefore, disputed the propriety and morality of some portions of the address to the slaves? But since Gerrit Smith, in espousing a political party himself, can hardly have adopted that maxim for his own government, he is surely called upon to judge with lenity the doings of others in like situation. From an intimate acquaintance with a large portion of the leading members of the liberty party in Ohio, either personally or through their public acts, I feel at liberty to repel the accusation brought against them of selfish designs. More self-sacrificing abolitionists in all respects, where their judgments are convinced of the propriety of any given course of action, cannot be found than we have examples of in Ohio liberty party men.

The errors they have committed have come into existence less through faults of their own, than as the necessary consequence of that faulty mode of action which they have adopted, and to which Gerrit Smith gives his assent and influence. To act politically under our constitution and government, even if it be for the purpose of reforming that government, is to adopt the maxim that the end sanctifies the means, or that we may do evil that good may come of it. This I believe Gerrit Smith must feel to be true, and that the difference between the error he condemns and the error he commits, is only a difference in degree. Then, why speak so harshly? The Cazenovia convention, too, adopted a resolution, the spirit of which is lamentable. At least so it seems to us in benighted Ohio, where such men as Garrison, and Child, and Loring, and Douglas, and Phillips, and Remond, and Rogers, and Burleigh, and hosts of others, are looked upon rather as real, than as "professed abolitionists." If there be in the East those who go by the name of abolitionists, who are willing to vote with the pro-slavery political parties, they may rightfully be termed "professed abolitionists," I think; but the number of such *here* is so small, that we can hardly understand the necessity for resolutions at public meetings condemnatory of them, and making no distinction between them and the real abolitionists, who conscientiously believe anti-slavery political action erroneous in policy, or morally wrong. Thus error seems to beget error, until we find Abby Kelley so far astray, it is said, as to condemn anti-slavery political action as the most impure of all. Again, the friends of this deem themselves so immaculate as to allow of their doubting in turn the purity of Ohio abolitionism, while Joshua Leavitt caps the climax by the assertion that liberty party politics has purified the anti-slavery society!

I thank God, that anti-slavery fellowship is not so strong as to forbid the condemnation of wrong action, by any of its members, in any other, from myself at the foot, up to Garrison, Birney, Leavitt, or whomsoever else may imagine himself to be, or be termed by others, at the head of the multitude. Not a soul of us is infallible. We shall all commit errors in future, as we have done in the past; and it will be the imperative duty of each, as we love God and the cause of his down-trodden poor, to refuse to wink at sin in our neighbor, whatever his pretensions, abilities, or position; but will it not be wise to preserve as much harmony of action as we can, by judging charitably of errors which are the result of a faithful application of false principles, but which principles are honestly believed by the actors to be not only true, but in their application the best adapted to secure universal, immediate emancipation?

A. BROOKE.

Oakland, Ohio, Aug. 6.

MARIA W. CHAPMAN.

TO THE ESSEX COUNTY WOMEN'S CONVENTION.

Dear friends and fellow-laborers in the cause of freedom:

I was very desirous of passing this day with you; but I regret to say that the health of my husband does not permit. I cannot, however, forbear writing, to tell you how much your perseverance cheers me. This, I observe, is the grand trial to the multitude of minds—to be able to continue laboring patiently, after the charm of novelty has passed. If we are diligent laborers, we can, like the careful sower, afford to wait without discouragement for the result.

It is delightful to observe the cause prospering in exact proportion to the faith of its advocates; and when we talk of faith, let us always remember that Providence always calls for our *works* to measure it by, and does in effect say to us, "Just so much success as you will pay for in works and in sacrifices, in vigilance and in patience, shall be yours." It is the work of time to impregnate the mind of a nation with just principles and accurate information. Line upon line—precept upon precept—and we shall at length succeed. Contrast the present state of Boston with that of Philadelphia. There is no doubt, in my mind—none can exist, that the tolerance for our principles, and the freedom with which we can practise them, are owing to the greater amount of anti-slavery labor bestowed upon this section of the country.

This leads me to the consideration of the means by which we have been enabled to carry on the work. Though none have been more fatiguing, yet none have been more effectual, than the Fairs. I could wish, for the cause's sake, that each one of you would go home to her own town, resolved to call the friends of the cause together there—adopt a resolution to hold a little sale in that place, the effort of doing which will abolitionize it, and then come to Boston with the remainder of the goods, and pay the money to the treasurer of the Fair, for the Massachusetts society, which will thereby be enabled to send lecturers and publications to those places where, as yet, the gospel of freedom has never been preached. There are but too many such, even in Massachusetts. The committee in Boston would most gladly enter into correspondence with any friends of the cause, who have skill in cabinet-making and chair-making. Small and tasteful articles of drawing-room furniture always find a sale. We have elegantly-wrought worsted work, for tabourets and screens; and if we could get the necessary cabinet work done, we should not lack purchasers. Any friends who intend to make straw bonnets, would do well to let the braid lie by them till the last moment, as we hope to receive French patterns, which would ensure their sale. We learn from Weymouth their intention to have, at their table, all manner of linen and linen cambric; plain, plaited, and thread-edged ladies' and gentlemen's collars. If we knew, in like manner, what each town expected to produce, we should be able to give judicious advice when we are asked, as we often are, what had better be done. Pardon these details. Our cause dignifies what would of itself be trifling; and we must not despise little things because there are greater ones. Faithful devotion of our faculties, in a small way, to the great cause of humanity, will fit us to put them forth in a more extensive way, should the opportunity ever occur.

Let me again express my joy that none of the numerous devices by which our cause has suffered, have prevailed against *you.* Since the pretended anxiety, lest we were wandering *from* our subject to the woman question, the non-resistance question, &c. (an anxiety *really* springing from the fact that we kept too *close* to it,) it has been attempted to be proved that the cause will prosper as well without human agency as by means of it; and that organized effort is evil in itself. There is but little fear that, among Calvinistic or Wesleyan trained minds, these false ideas will induce many to withdraw their hands from the plough. I am not willing to give those much credit for loving the cause, who had rather sit still, than work for it; and who do not feel themselves drawn towards those who already *are* at work, and who, amidst all the misery lying dark in the giant shadow of our national sin, are most struck by the faults of abolitionists, and the evils of anti-slavery organization. "The love of some waxed cold." Let it never be so with ours; but may its fervency still, as at the beginning, carry us joyfully over whatever obstacles may beset our path.

I am obliged to conclude hastily, with the earnest prayer that God would grant to each one of us the overcoming power of a self-renunciation.

I am, dear friends, ever
Yours, for our holy cause,
MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

Extracted from a 4th of July Address, by J. N. T. Tucker.

POLITICAL PARTY.

No!—guided by just heaven's laws,
For truth, and right, and suffering man,
Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,
As *Christians* may—as *Christians* can;
Still pouring on unwilling ears
That truth, Oppression only fears. WHITTIER.

This is our only hope. If the preaching of truth in the ears of this guilty and anomalous nation will not save it from its impending ruin, nothing can. We may form political parties, and swell their magnitude to cope with the stars of heaven in number, but if the principles of oppression and injustice are not slain in the heart of the people, by the sword of truth, there will be no destruction of slavery. Its form may, by a mere possibility, be changed, but it will rise from its own ashes, like the fiend Phœnix, (unless those ashes are blown away by the breath of the spirit of truth,) and, in some form, crush the upward tendencies of humanity. We may vote slavery out of the capitol, and out of the State councils, and out of every seat in the gift of the people, but it will still live and fatten upon the pap of a slaveholding church, until the burning blade of truth is turned from every pulpit and church in the North, upon it—until, indeed, the Church of Christ, as such, will come out and wipe her hands in innocency from all connection and participation with this "sum of all villanies," and will utter, by her united and firm voice, one loud thunder of rebuke, as from Sinai's blazing mount, in the ears of the South; and even then, she may fail of saving the land. But this is the only hope, and there are bright and cheering signs of promise before the eye of faith that seem to say, "the Lord hath heard the cry of his people, and hath come down to deliver them."

The principles of abolition have gained a glorious pre-eminence in the consciences of a large number of the people, and promise to exterminate oppression from the earth, if a quicker work is not made of it by the Almighty fiat—sweeping the earth from existence. But how has this been achieved? I answer—

"With those mild arms of truth and love,
Made mighty through the living God."

By the writings and lectures of the Garrisons, the Smiths, the Grimkés, the Welds, the Lovejoys, Leavitts, Birneys, Childs, Kelleys, and Motts, and a host of others whose works and memories are fresh in our hearts; all cast by them like "bread upon the waters," upon the sea of human intellect, and committed by devout prayer to Him who "holds the hearts of all men in his hand, and turns them as the rivers of water are turned." Political *organizations* never have, nor ever can, effect the reform in this enterprise, which has been produced by the preaching of truth. These organizations may, perhaps, exert some influence in keeping men from voting pro-slavery; and they may not entirely prevent the conversions of the people *by the truth* to the cause of entire and impartial freedom; but, they nevertheless stand in relation to abolition just in the position which sectarianism sustains to true Christianity. Where the soul is truly moulded into the image of Christ by the spirit of God, sectarianism will not at once utterly destroy the Christianity of a person, (although that is its ultimate tendency,) nor prevent his doing many good things. So political organizations may not be able at once to destroy the love of impartial freedom from the hearts of abolitionists, although they have no tendency to increase it, nor to awaken permanent convictions of the inherent wickedness of the system of slavery; while, on the other hand, they have a tendency to divert the mind from the true issue to one of a minor or circumstantial character, such as a "tariff," a "bank," and the like. This we have already seen in several of the leading friends of the liberty party, who have endeavored to commit the cause of abolition to the fate of the tariff question. This is not to be wondered at. Men do not love to labor for a long time in building up a party against all rational grounds of hope that their labors will not be in vain. Hence, they naturally become impatient for some alliance which will "defer delay and crown their hopes"—and if pleading the cause of the slave at the ballot-box will not secure the triumph of the party, some question of a less exciting character must be created to lure men into their support, or some side of a question already in agitation will be taken, and the adoption of some custom popular among politicians, resorted to, in order to secure the applause of the multitude.

In these remarks, I say nothing against the *right use* of the ballot-box, by those whose consciences require them to use it at all; nor in favor of refraining from doing all that may be deemed duty, to induce them to vote abolitionwise; but, I speak against throwing the anti-slavery host into the form of an organized *political party*, while much more can be done, as the history of the past clearly shows, to advance this great reform *without* that organization. If the position had been taken to form a party of *freemen*, who should have no relative connection with slavery, either political, religious, commercial, or otherwise, (where by voluntary action it could have been prevented,) then consistency would have appeared in our course, and our reproofs would have carried a burning conviction, still, to the conscience, as they did before our new organizations.

Truth is omnipotent, and destined to prevail in redeeming so much of the world as may be saved by *any* means, and in relation to the cause of freedom, it has a magic power. So deep is the conviction of the human mind that God made men free, that it is exceedingly difficult for slaveholders to listen to the faithful rebukes of truth, while they perceive that such rebukes emanate from an honest, enlightened, and Christian heart, with no sinister purpose to gratify. And the way to find out how forcible the impressions of truth are upon the consciences of slaveholders and their supporters, is, to listen to themselves as they speak of it. The best witness in a case of assault is the one who receives the blow, i. e. in determining its severity. Hear what the slaveholders say in the matter: Duff Green a few years ago, having heard much about the abolitionists, and becoming somewhat alarmed for the safety of the "peculiar institution," inquired what the prospects of success were before the abolitionists in the northern States. He was assured by his northern dough-face friends, that the cause was "dying away;" that only a few "weak-minded men" and "fanatics" were engaged in the cause, and that all would soon be quiet and fair in the community. This served as a momentary quietus; but he soon saw that a power was at work that shook the very pillars of despotism. Some of the giant men of the South, such as Birney, Brisbane, and others, were becoming "fanatics," under the appliances of the abolitionists—and he resolved to listen no longer to the cry of "all is safe," from the wiseacres of the North; but determined to come and "see for himself." Accordingly, on he came, to New-York, and went through the city, and through the anti-slavery offices, and obtained access to the publications and documents of the societies; and learned a great many facts, showing, to his mind, that the abolitionists were men of wisdom, piety, and influence; that their measures and means of action were philosophical and mighty; that their cause was onward, and their success promising. Well, he went home, and went into his lone *editorium*, and sat down and wrote, just as any man who was in the power of honest conviction would have done, and published in his paper the following interesting and important truth:

"We are of those who believe the South has nothing to fear from a civil war. We do not believe that the abolitionists intend, nor could they if they would, excite our slaves to insurrection. The danger of this is remote. We believe we have most to fear from their organized *action upon the consciences and fears of the slaveholders themselves;* from the insinuation of their dangerous heresies into our *schools*, our *pulpits*, and our *domestic circles.* It is only by alarming the consciences of the weak and feeble, and diffusing a morbid sensibility among our own people, that the abolitionists can accomplish their object. Preparatory to this, they are now laboring to saturate the non-slaveholding States with the belief, that slavery is 'a *sin* against God,' and that the national compact involves the non-slaveholding States in that sin: and that it is their duty to toil and suffer, that our country may be delivered from what they deem its blackest stain, its deadliest curse."

A more correct and clearer view of the genius of our cause could not have been given, nor a more faithful testimony in support of our (then) measures. And Duff Green would have given "half his kingdom," if he could have called back this testimony, after he saw how greedily it was devoured, and the new life it inspired in our ranks. We were then all united in pouring the unmixed truths of God, like streams of moral lava, upon the hearts of slaveholders and their apologists, North and South; and they felt it, and trembled as we arraigned them before the burning tribunal of truth.

So Governor Hamilton, in his report to the South Carolina legislature, after admitting there is no danger of insurrection, says: "Are we to wait until our enemies have built up a body of *public opinion* against us, which it would be almost impossible to resist, without separating ourselves from the social system of the rest of the civilized world!"

Ah, that is it—it is the horrid dread of "public opinion," growing up under the faithful influence of the principles of human rights, taught the people from every source, that troubles the friends of oppression.

Let abolitionists then learn a lesson, and by the acknowledged effect of the faithful dissemination of our principles upon the consciences of slaveholders themselves, and which they understand to be adapted to overthrow the system, let us all be encouraged to "double our diligence," and heat the furnace of public sentiment "seven times hotter" than ever before; and if they come out as the three worthies did from the "burning fiery furnace," without the "smell of fire even upon their garments," we will conclude the god of slavery is the "greatest among all gods," and invulnerable. But it will not be so. Slavery cannot endure the flaming eye of Truth.

From the New-York Evangelist.

SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT.—THE ESCAPE.

One of the reasons always adduced for not interfering with slavery in the District of Columbia, is, that "slavery exists there in a very modified form," that we there "behold its mildest features."

I do not doubt this; and having myself witnessed slavery in the district, I confess I am prepared to believe the truth of that vast collection of horrid and astounding cruelties charged upon the system generally, in Weld's "Slavery as it is." The following advertisement graces the columns of the daily National Intelligencer, from month to month:

Negroes Wanted.—The subscriber wishes to purchase immediately, a number of negroes, for which he will pay the highest cash price. He can at all times be found at the corner of Seventh street and Maryland avenue.—All communications addressed through the post office, will be promptly attended to.

JOSHUA STAPLES.

This shameful human flesh dealer has the use of a *private slave prison*, standing midway between the capitol and the President's house, in the city of Washington, on the lowlands, below Gadsby's hotel, where he secures the poor, heart-broken captive that he purchases. Could that old prison reveal all the agonizing scenes, and publish abroad all the cruelties, groans, and tears, its gloomy walls have witnessed, I doubt not every freeman would exclaim, that the system, "in its mildest form," had in it enough of the elements of human misery and wretchedness, to provoke the exclamation—"*Cursed be slavery!*—and let all the people say, AMEN!"

An owner of slaves in the district, who from losses at the gaming table or race course, from extravagance, improvidence, or other cause, determines upon the sale of his slaves, will most assuredly, from motives of shame, make a *secret sale* to Mr. Joshua Staples. The first notice the poor slave has of his sale for a southern plantation, may be, that he or she is suddenly drawn and locked into that private "PEN," as it is called, having been there, perhaps, under pretense of carrying a letter, or doing an errand! Occasionally an incident occurs, which affords a glimpse of the deeds of darkness and infamy practised there, and of the keenness of the misery, and the desolation of hopes, experienced by the captives who are shut up within it. For the truth of the following occurrence, I might refer to at least one member of Congress, as well as to many of the citizens of the district, who saw and heard of the same transaction.

A smart and active female slave was placed in this prison, having been sold for the southern market, and the time of her departure was at hand. Her particular history I cannot give. Whether it was the dread of the cruelties and starvation of a southern cotton plantation; the dread of the abuse and violence of some licentious purchaser; or the grief of being suddenly and forever separated from husband, children, and the friends of her youth, that drove the unhappy woman to adopt, not only in theory, but in practice, the sentiment of Patrick Henry—"Give me liberty, or give me death," I know not. Whatever was the cause, the sentiment was adopted; and at dusk of the evening, previous to the day when she was to be sent off, as the old prison was being closed for the night, she suddenly darted past her keeper, and ran for her life. It is not a great distance from

between the slave and the slave catchers. The keeper and his forces raised the hue and cry on her pathway, close behind; but so rapid was the flight along the wide avenue, that the astonished citizens, as they poured forth from their dwellings to learn the cause of alarm, were only able to comprehend the nature of the case, in season to fall in with the motley mass in pursuit, or, (as many a one did that night,) to raise an anxious prayer to heaven, as they refused to join in pursuit; that the panting fugitive might escape, and the merciless soul-dealer for once be disappointed of his prey. And now, with the speed of an arrow—having safely passed the avenue—with the distance between her and her pursuers constantly increasing, this poor hunted woman gained the "Long Bridge," as it is called, where interruption seemed improbable; and already did her heart begin to beat high with the hope of success. She had only to pass three-fourths of a mile more across the bridge, and she could bury herself in a vast forest, just at the moment when the curtain of night would close around her, and protect her from the pursuit of her enemies.

But God by his providence had otherwise determined. He had determined that an appalling tragedy should be enacted that night, within plain sight of the President's house and the capitol of the Union, which should be an evidence, wherever it should be known, of the unconquerable love of liberty the heart of the slave may inherit, as well as a fresh admonition to the slave dealer, of the cruelty and enormity of his crimes. Just as the pursuers crossed the high draw for the passage of sloops, soon after entering upon the bridge, they beheld in the distance three men slowly advancing from the Virginia side. They immediately called to them to arrest the fugitive, whom they proclaimed a runaway slave. True to their Virginia instincts, as she came near, they formed in line across the narrow bridge, and prepared to seize her. Seeing escape impossible in that quarter, she stopped suddenly, and turned upon her pursuers. On came the profane and ribald crew, faster than ever, already exulting in her capture, and threatening punishment for her flight. For a moment she looked wildly and anxiously around, to see if there was no hope of escape. On either hand, far down below, rolled the deep waters of the Potomac, and before and behind the rapidly approaching step and fierce and noisy voices of pursuers, showed how vain would be any further effort for freedom. Her resolution was taken. She clasped her *hands* convulsively, and raised *them*, as she at the same time raised her *eyes*, towards heaven, and begged for that mercy and compassion *there*, which had been denied her on earth; and then, with a single bound, she vaulted over the railing of the bridge, and sunk forever beneath the waves of the river!!

Slave trader! "thy prey hath escaped thee;" and if thou comest up to the judgment without deep repentance for thy damnable traffic, as thy deeds of wickedness shall one after another be passed in review before an assembled universe, and thou shalt be driven away from the presence of God and the Lamb, will not all created intelligences cry out, AMEN to thy sentence, when they shall see that thou didst persist in buying and selling the bodies and souls of thy fellow-men, after being warned of the tendency and cruelty of thy villainous trade, by the self-destruction of the poor hunted fugitive upon the "LONG BRIDGE!"

A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

From the American Citizen.

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Columns of sophistry employed in defense of slavery, are knocked into confusion by the simple facts and figures mentioned briefly below. Read and reflect:

FREE AND SLAVE LABOR.

Southern statesmen constantly insist that the South is the great source of the wealth of this country; and the federal government, by directing its chief attention to the protecting and fostering of its staples, has strengthened this delusion. Gen. Hayne, in his celebrated speech on State rights, in the Senate of the United States, remarked, that "the power of a country is compounded of its population and wealth; and in modern times, when, from the very form and structure of society, far the greater portion of the people must, even during the continuance of the most desolating wars, be employed in the cultivation of the soil, and other peaceful pursuits, it may be well doubted whether slaveholding States, by reason of the superior value of their productions, are not able to maintain a number of troops in the field, fully equal to what can be supported by States with a larger white population, but not possessed of so great resources." And again: "the difficulty is not to procure men, but to provide the means of maintaining them; and in this view of the subject, it may be asked, whether the southern States are not a source of strength and power, and not of weakness to the country." That is, on account of their great wealth.

Men are awaking from this delusion respecting the opulence of the South. The developments of the census, the commercial experience of the last few years, and a truer philosophy, have shown, that the slave States are an actual drain on the resources of the Union.

Let us compare the cotton crop of the entire South, with the manufactures of the single State of Massachusetts.

Mr. Secretary Woodbury, in 1836, estimated the amount of capital employed in the cotton culture, as follows: capital in lands, $312,000,000; in slaves, $408,000,000; in horses, cattle, &c. $20,400,000; floating capital, for taxes, tools, overseers, &c. &c. $30,600,000;—total, $771,000,000.

Let us suppose this capital, owing to the amount of new lands brought under cultivation, and the growth of the slave population to have been augmented in 1840, to $800,000,000. In that year, according to the census, the entire cotton product was worth $85,000,000—near 12 per cent. on the capital. If we disengage the slaves from the capital, and set this down at $400,000,000, the proceeds of it will be 23 3-4 per cent. The number of hands employed we may calculate at 750,000.

In 1837, the capital employed in manufactures, in the single State of Massachusetts, was $51,351,761. The number of hands employed, was 113,170. The value of the annual product was $82,000,152. Deduct from this two-fifths, for the raw material, and the balance is $49,200,000.

How, then, does the case stand? 750,000laborers in the South, on a capital of $400,009,000, produce annually, $85,000,000; while 113,000 laborers in Massachusetts, on a capital of $51,000,000, produce annually, $49,200,000. That is to say, nearly seven times as many laborers in the slave States, produce, on a capital nearly eight times as large as that of Massachusetts invested in manufactures, not quite twice as much in value!!

Take this startling disclosure, in connection with the fact, that the tonnage of Massachusetts is greater than that of all the slave States put together, and in connection with this fact, that the cotton culture is the principal source of wealth in the South, and we may form some idea of the wisdom, energy, and skill of freelabor institutions—and how it is, that the slave States must grow poor, and must always constitute an unsafe market for freelabor products.

From the Emancipator and Free American.

BEWARE OF THE STEAMBOAT CLEOPATRA.—DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT.

BOSTON, September 8, 1842.

Yesterday morning, on board of the Cleopatra, one of Vanderbilt's "Independent Opposition" boats, running in connection with the New Haven, between Providence and New-York, the following disgraceful scene occurred:

We stopped as usual at Newport and took in, among other passengers for Providence, several colored persons. They were peculiarly well dressed, genteel in their appearance, and modest in their behaviour; much exceeding in these particulars the average of the white persons on board. There appeared to be no distinction made between them and the white passengers, until after the crier had summoned all "passengers from New port, who have not paid their passage, to walk up to the captain's office and settle." And among the rest, our colored friends "walked up," and paid the regular cabin fare, 50 cents. No intimation was made to them that they were not to ride on equal terms with the rest; nor did any notice to that effect appear about the boat. Besides, on the other boat of the line, the New Haven, commanded by Vanderbilt himself, no distinction is made. Our colored friends had every reason to suppose, and did suppose, that there was none here. Judge, therefore, of their surprise, when having gone perhaps one-third of the way to Providence, the captain, ☞ I. K. Dustan, ☜ appeared before them, and commanded them to take their places forward of the wheel, with the deck passengers, and in a very uncomfortable position.—They told him that they preferred to remain aft. He replied in language little calculated to conciliate; indeed in language of the most insulting sort. They told him that they would not contend with him, but that *if he would pay back a part of the money, so as to make it a deck passage*, they would cheerfully go forward. This he *refused to do*, but sent two men, who *violently laid hold of one woman, and thrust her forward*. Another woman was permitted to remain aft, in consideration of her being a *servant* in attendance upon the family of a *white* gentleman from Newport. But she, choosing not to avail herself of this privilege, and thus to separate herself from her companions in degradation, went forward also; as did all the other colored passengers, without further resistance.

When all, as I supposed, was quiet, I went to the captain, and in as mild a manner as I knew how to command, inquired of him whether, in the other boats of Mr. Vanderbilt, colored people were not allowed aft. He colored up, seemed to gather in an instant a whole storm of wrath, and said—"They are not allowed aft on this boat—you want to ride with niggers, don't you?" "I see how it is on your boat," said I, "but my question was, whether it is so on the other boats of Mr. Vanderbilt." "I don't know anything about that; but niggers are not allowed aft in this boat; that is our rule"

Query.—Is not the captain of a steamboat, who has taken the fare of a passenger at the cabin price, under the circumstances, answerable, in an action at law, for the violence done to this colored woman? She had only availed herself of the common privileges of the boat, for which she had *paid* according to the advertised terms.

Abolitionists have been much in the habit of patronizing Vanderbilt's boats, but I trust they will patronize them no more, unless he publicly disclaims all participation in this and any other similar disgraceful conduct, and takes measures to prevent its repetition. For one, I am resolved that I will not.

Will you be so good as to send a copy of the Emancipator, containing this article, *marked*, to Vanderbilt. Yours, &c.

A TRAVELLER.

Communications.

LETTER FROM AN AGENT.

ANTWERP, Jefferson co. N. Y. Sept. 1842.

There has been but little anti-slavery effort made in this county, and that mostly by third party agency. The injurious influence of approaching the subject in this way, is most apparent. Regarding slavery as "a creature of *law*," rather than of public *sentiment*, and treating its removal as a *political*, rather than as a *moral and religious* object, they have excited the jealousy and distrust of the community against the whole anti-slavery enterprise, which they regard as a mere scheme of demagoguism. It has thus barred access to minds unacquainted with the original principles and measures of the anti-slavery enterprise; while the votaries of the third party themselves seem to consider abolition as a political scheme, rather than as a labor of love. They employ themselves more with a cool calculation of the dollars and cents that will come into northern pockets, than they do with the enfranchisement of the slave, or the regeneration of the master.

Nothing surprises me so much, as the exclusive *political* light in which this class of abolitionists regard the removal of slavery. They seem to have utterly forgotten, if they ever realized, what the *Church* has to do in this matter. They wail about the corruption of political *parties*, but are generally silent concerning the more corrupt religious *sects*. They express the greatest horror at belonging to a pro-slavery political party, while they are giving time, money, and influence to sustain a pro-slavery sect. They quietly belong to ecclesiastical bodies over which slaveholders preside, though they are shocked that a slaveholder should be President of the Senate, or Speaker of the House. I advise them to reform the religion of the land first, and that will reform the politics. But I have often been told, of late, that the religious sects cannot be reformed, until politics are reformed; that to reform the legislature, will certainly reform the churches! I do not say that every one who advocates the formation of a third party, regards abolition as a merely political question; but I do say that the prominence given to political action in their conventions, their writings and conversation, does tend to produce this impression on the general mind.

Last fourth-day, I went to De Pauville, to attend an anti-slavery meeting to which I had been invited. I found a home with my kind friend, Dr. Summers. On the first morning of the convention, a gentleman attached to the third party, called to see me. In the course of conversation, he declared that he would not look upon any man as an abolitionist, who did not go to the polls. I told him I was not a voter, and probably attached less importance to political action than he did; though I thought it important that such action should be right. I told him that it appeared to me political action should be used as a means, not regarded as an end. He manifested some impatience, and hastily remarked, that I must not bring my views into the convention; that the course of proceeding had been marked out; and that I had no more right to introduce new views there, than I had to go into a Presbyterian meeting for similar purpose. I replied, that I had been *invited* to attend the convention, as an *anti-slavery* convention; being an abolitionist, I felt that I had a right to express any views, which seemed to me most likely to benefit the cause; and that I looked upon his demand as an infringement of liberty of speech and of conscience.

People were soon warned against me, as "a wolf in sheep's clothing." The stranger with whom I had conversed was appointed president of the convention. The gentleman who had nominated him declared, probably according to previous arrangement, that the object of the meeting was to discuss the *political* influences of slavery upon the country, and to take *political* measures for its overthrow; therefore, he supposed it would be considered out of order to introduce any *other* plan of operation; that matter had all been previously settled. My friend, Dr. Summers, remarked that he had supposed the object of the convention was to have a free discussion of all the aspects and relations of slavery, and to devise the best means for its overthrow. This led to a good deal of altercation. Before the matter was adjusted, the president remarked that he knew it was not usual to open political meetings with prayer; yet he did not know but what it would be proper to open *this* one with prayer. This ceremony being performed, I rose and stated that the difficulty which had arisen probably had relation to myself; that I had been invited to attend an *anti-slavery* convention; which I understood to be a meeting to discuss *all* the relations of slavery, moral, social, and religious, as well as political, and devise the best means for its overthrow. But if this were *not* the object of the meeting—if it were a mere political caucus, I was very willing to consider myself excluded. This excited surprise. The great body of the convention did not see why an effort had been made to make the meeting exclusively political, or why I should consider myself excluded. In explanation, I alluded to my conversation with the president, and stated my conviction that arrangements had been made to shut me out of the debate. The president confessed that he had talked the matter over with a few out of doors, and persisted in his efforts to make it a mere political meeting. Disgusted with being the subject of so much useless debate, I left the house; and they soon after voted that "this meeting be considered an *anti-slavery* meeting." The president, and the gentleman who aided him in these arrangements, were both candidates for office last year, by nomination of the third party.

In the afternoon, the business committee, reported a long string of resolutions concerning cleansing the augean stables of politics; but not a word was mentioned of the hypocrisy of the churches, or any proposition made to clear the house of God of the thieves and robbers that infest it. I was invited to address the convention in the evening, which I did. I was obliged to leave next morning, on account of an appointment; but before I went, I introduced a resolution concerning the churches and clergy.

Last second-day, I lectured in Philadelphia, at what is called Friends' Settlement. The evening was exceedingly rainy, but the small audience were very attentive. I called another meeting for the next evening, and brought together a large number. Groans and howls were soon heard, accompanied now and then with small missiles, in the form of a pea. No notice being taken of these, the howls grew louder, and the mob began to throw bits of ceiling, and lighted cigars. I continued, however, till the meeting was such a bedlam, that it was perfectly impossible to make myself heard. I then broke up the meeting, telling the audience that these drunken rioters were merely the tools of magistrates, church members, and other men deemed respectable. A justice of the peace had previously signified to me that he should like to see me mobbed; and that if I would only go to the South, it would be "done to order." As I went out, several missiles were thrown, and a mud ball hit me; but I received no other injury than the soiling of my clothes. A Methodist preacher, respected by the mob, took me by the arm, and walked between me and the assailants. He afterward went back, to take care of his son, who was one of the rioters, and just about getting into a fight with one of the citizens, who had been reproving his unruly conduct.

There is room for a great deal of anti-slavery labor in this region, if the laborer will be content with daily bread; more than that is out of the question at present. But I trust abolitionists are not to be turned from their object by such considerations. They must be willing to be clad in camels' hair, and girt with a leather girdle, rather than desert the poor slave, and his poorer master. Their reward will be "quietness and assurance." A true life consists in a pursuit of the true.

JOHN ORVIS.

LETTER FROM JOHN O. WATTLES.

MARION, Grant county, Ia. 9 mo. 17, 1842.

There is a good deal of abolition, and a good deal of opposition in Grant county, but the cause is rapidly gaining. The anniversary was one of those interesting gatherings, so common in this new region. The hearts of the Western people are moulded by the hand that spread out their prairies; and, like those prairies, they are grand, broad, bountiful; when the elements are calm, mild, and beautiful; but sublime and terrific, when on fire! Let the oppressor cast a glance this way.

The peculiarity in the conventions of the West, is freedom of thought and liberality of sentiment. They differ in love, and love in difference. The convention was addressed several times by colored men, with deep and soul-thrilling interest. One in particular, who had just worked himself out of slavery, seemed to glory in his freedom, both of body and mind. His appeals roused the friends of humanity, and sent electric shocks darting through the soul in quick and vivid flashes; never to be forgotten.

If one branch of this reform can be more interesting than another, the meeting of women that convened during the anniversary, may be so considered. Besides enjoying equal privileges in the business deliberations of the men's meetings, they have also an association for their own special action. A more pure and holy devotion to humanity, I have never witnessed.

A more harmonious and united body of philanthropists I have seldom, if ever, met. The following resolutions will serve to show the sentiment that prevailed, and what manner of spirit they were of. All were offered, considered, and passed, without a dissenting voice, and with a promptitude and energy worthy the imitation of more prominent national deliberations.

Whereas, high professors of Christianity, as well as many of the most humble members of different religious denominations, are ever ready to make the senseless charge of joining with *the world*, on such of their members as feel in duty bound to join with the abolitionists in their efforts to alleviate the sufferings of two and a half millions of slaves; and whereas, our Saviour's own declaration, "If ye were *of* the world, the world would *love* its own," &c. shows this charge to be untrue; therefore,

Resolved, That abolitionists cannot, neither do they wish to join with the world; their principles on this subject being diametrically opposed thereto.

Whereas, the Society of Friends, in America, manifest much hostility to anti-slavery societies, in direct opposition to the conduct of that body in England, and also to the course pursued by their ancestors in this country, fifty or sixty years ago; therefore,

Resolved, That we consider that Society, as well as others in America, as having retrograded on this subject; and we believe that the time has fully come for Christians of all denominations to unite their efforts together, that they may be instrumental in causing the destruction of this wicked system, and averting the judgments which seem to threaten our land.

The sittings were somewhat protracted, particularly the last. An expression that fell from the lips of one, will show the slave mother what friends she has to plead her cause: "Though we are tired, we are not *as* tired as our sisters on the plantation; though we may go home late, we shall not go so late as the poor woman from the rice swamps, or the cotton field."

Could our befogged opposers but see the moral might that is gathering against them, they would soon send ambassadors to desire conditions of peace;

For louder, broader, swells the song,
That rolls in stormy chords along.

The anniversary throughout was of the most interesting kind. Some 1,500 or 2,000 persons were in attendance, mostly from this State. Abolition is "going down" into Indiana with tremendous power. She will soon take her place in the ranks of freedom, and her star be seen glittering brightly in the constellation.

JOHN O. WATTLES.

P. S. Several interesting letters from eastern friends were read; among them Edward Needles and Friend Webb, of Philadelphia. "Cold water to thirsty souls" indeed they were—apples of gold in pictures of silver.

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE EAST FALLOWFIELD ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, Pa.

EBELDOUN, 9th mo. 12th, 1842.

In presenting to the society their annual report, the board of managers deem it unnecessary to go into much detail, further than to give a brief outline of the past year's operation. In surveying the great field of anti-slavery labor, much might be presented to our friends of an interesting character; but not sufficiently original or striking. The ground is already occupied by publications embracing almost every important view that we could possibly present. We may, however, say, that the signs of the times in every quarter, both in Church and State, and among those interested in either, are full of hope to the slave, and encouragement to his advocates. Events on all sides are rapidly hastening us on to a crisis. The line is being drawn more distinctly between freedom's friends and her enemies; and the former are beginning to comprehend and feel the great truth, that freedom to the mass is the only safeguard against bondage to the few. Never, perhaps, was there a season of such general inquiry upon the subject as at present. Northern mind is stirred from centre to circumference; and the voice that is abroad is "let there be light."

In this state of things, we have cause of rejoicing, mingled with sadness. True, these are of a local character, and mainly interesting to ourselves; but nevertheless, particularly deserving of record. In our last report, we were called upon to notice the death of one of our faithful members; we are now summoned to notice the death of two, Mary Lukens and Susanna Taylor; both members, and most of the time officers of our society, from its organization in 1835, to the period of their death. We cannot, perhaps, better express our sense of this loss to the slave, and us individually, than by an extract of a letter received a short time since from an absent member. The sentiment of the extract will apply to both of our deceased friends. Speaking of the former, he says:

"Where, too, is the one, the ever pleasant and amiable one, who first subscribed our constitution, when many, even of the stout of heart, faltered and doubted the propriety of organizing; when the stormy elembats of discord and commotion were at work on every hand, threatening rude invasion of the homes and firesides of such as dared to speak for those who had no power to plead for themselves. Where is she, our beloved treasurer, an officer of our association nearly ever since its birth; the constant and cheerful companion of all our labors; the tried and true in every difficulty? Gone, too! is the reply that comes home to my heart with an oppressive reality. From works to rewards has she passed; gone also in her youth and active usefulness from our midst; and oh, what a void have we felt in her loss. Unlooked for, indeed, was the separation, and deeply has it been felt by us all, as her social companions; but deeper still shall we realize it in the irreparable loss to our association. Such are the ways of a ruling Providence; such must be our portion, and therefore let us, by a life of works, prepare to follow, without a regret in passing finally from time, that we did not, while living and in health, remember those in bonds as bound with them; and without a regret that any other duty had been neglected in the great field of Christian labor which lays open before us. These are the works that bring peace; that cover us with true honor, and enable us to live to some purpose in the world, and in thus living, glorify our gracious and benevolent Creator."

Thus, in little more than a year, have we been stripped of three of our most devoted co-laborers. In that short period, what inroads has death made upon our little association. But, strengthened with the conviction that our cause is just, and having the prompt reward attendant upon benevolent labor; it is our duty, as far as practicable, to forget the things that are passed, and press forward to the great things yet to be accomplished; the sure pathway to that state of mind which is at rest with itself.

During the past year, we have continued our subscription to the Standard, seventy-four copies of which we have ordered by mail to individuals in various parts; receiving from some a partial equivalent, agreeably to a plan adopted two years ago, of furnishing a copy to any individual opposed to us for the sum of one dollar or upwards; and the remainder we have circulated gratuitously. From this plan we are satisfied great good has resulted—some having become friends and permanent subscribers, who before were opposed, or at least indifferent; and we cannot but hope more particular pains will be taken to procure an enlarged circle of this description of subscribers. Besides these papers, we forwarded and circulated thirty copies of our last annual report; together with numerous other publications received for gratuitous circulation.

From the treasurer's report, it will appear that the total receipts the past year, is $87 50. During the same period, there has been paid out of the treasury, to the order of the board, an equal sum, which has been expended as follows: $40 for the seventy-four copies of the Standard; $1 22 for postage on letters addressed to the society, and $46 28 as a donation to the State Society in aid of its operations. It will be seen by this report, that the receipts of the present year exceed, by several dollars, either of the two last preceding years; and that notwithstanding the general outery of difficult times. We have abundant evidence to believe that a much greater sum could be raised, if means to that end were pursued with an energy equal to the emergency; which is no less than the rights and interests of three millions of our enslaved fellows; upon the favorable issue of which is staked our own liberties. The State Society, at its late meeting in Norristown, with great unanimity resolved to raise the sum of $10,000; and our delegation there present, thought they might with safety pledge $75 on behalf of our society, which we trust will be promptly paid; besides promoting the circulation of the Standard, by the plan proposed. Let us, then, devote ourselves anew to the work, being satisfied that if we can do but comparatively little, still that little will be more surely and better done in an organized capacity, however limited in numbers, than in any other way. Through it we open a channel of communication with the people, and nothing is wanting but sleepless energy on our part to ripen the present favorable disposition to investigate our principles into their hearty adoption.

The following persons were appointed as officers the ensuing year: President, Cyrus Coates; Vice-president, John Rankin; Recording Secretary, Mary Coates; Corresponding Secretary, James Fulton, jr.; Treasurer, Lukens Pierce.

Additional members of the board, Sarah Ann Taylor, Susanna Taylor, James B. Mode, and J. W. Thorn.

LUKENS PIERCE, *Rec. Sec.*

[Extract of a Letter from A. Brooke, of Ohio.]

WHAT CHIVALRY IS CAPABLE OF.

John Martin, a planter in Georgia, sent a female slave, the mother of his child, to a plantation in Mississippi. There she appears to have been under the charge of Gov. Lynch, of Jackson, and was married to a man he claimed as his slave. Sometime last year, Mr. Martin sent her permission to visit the child, which was at school in Cincinnati. Gov. Lynch gave her a pass, and permitted two of her children, by his slave, to accompany her. Last winter, the husband escaped. The woman rented a house in Cincinnati, and was confined there. Sometime in the summer, a white man, and free colored man, whom she had known in Georgia, appeared in Cincinnati, and represented that John Martin wished her to return; that he had bought her husband "running," and wished them to keep tavern for him. Although she had full confidence that Martin never intended she should be re-enslaved, she felt suspicious. She told the men she was willing to go, but was in debt for rent, &c. and therefore could not do it. They paid her debts, and gave her some money to prepare for departure. She did speedily prepare for a journey; and she and her husband are now giving as notable an example in Canada as they did in Cincinnati, that the blacks "cannot take care of themselves." I have since heard that Martin is dead. It is said his executors took these means to entrap the woman, and perhaps his child, with a view of selling them into slavery.

I never felt any personal inconvenience from the untoward decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in reference to the slave laws of the States, until last week. In 1839, Amos Kendall, Postmaster General of the United States, appointed me deputy postmaster, at Oakland. As I am not a politician, I never had opportunity to requite the favor, until recently. A boy of nineteen, who called himself Daniel Washington, stopped with my neighbor, and I had some conversation with him. He said that three years ago, Amos Kendall paid $800, in Mississippi, for him, in paper of a bank which broke a few weeks after. That he has lived with Kendall in Washington, D. C. or near it, about a year; being well treated by Amos, but abused by the wife and son. He said that to prevent him from being sold for debt, Amos was transferring him, through the agency of Dr. Gwyn, to be sold in Mississippi; but he too took the opportunity, when the boat stopped at Cincinnati, to take care of himself. Now you see, by that decision of the Supreme Court, I was left wholly without authority to apprehend Daniel, and send him back to Amos. I feel clear of responsibility, for I had no *authority* to detain him.

A. BROOKE.

EXTRACT FROM A FRIEND'S ALBUM.

Our friend and brother in the cause of liberty, Benjamin S. Jones, has been lecturing in our county of Centre, Pennsylvania, and has been shamefully mobbed in several places, though he came in an orderly, Christian manner to inform us of the situation of our country, in regard to slavery. No greater wickedness ever existed under the sun than the slavery in our boasted free country; and all appear to be involved in it. Though our friend has labored faithfully, many seem inclined to stop their ears from hearing of the afflictions of the oppressed; the doleful situation of the poor slave. It has been matter of lamentation to me, that our Society, called *Friends*, comes so short of maintaining the name, as to hold themselves excused, either to go forward in a body, or mix with other valiants in the cause. I have been a member of the society eighty-eight years, and have had an earnest desire to maintain its principles, since I came to years of understanding. Friends were the first abolitionists. The name Friend, *is* abolitionist. I remain one, and hope to die one; even if I should be set aside, with our beloved friend, Isaac T. Hopper, and others, for the cause. I desire to be on the side of the afflicted. I feel much love and respect for my friends, and thankful that I have been a member among them. Their company, indeed, is often joyful to me; but the Society in general, seems to be settled down at ease upon the labor of our ancestors; not concerned to make progress in the cause of reformation, but lamentably losing ground. In regard to the great and good cause of assisting, by Christian means, in the liberation of millions of our fellow-creatures in our own land, are we to lag behind, and lose the crown? I have never known much scruple in the Society about mixing with the people of the world, in regard to getting *riches*. I wish we could be a more uniform people, and be able to show fruit to prove our profession; that our righteousness may be practically known by our good works.

WILLIAM FISHER.

7th-mo: 15th, 1842.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 6, 1842.

THE TARIFF.

At no time since the foundation of the government, has the line been drawn so strictly and plainly betwixt free and slave labor, as in the passage of the late tariff. The long, severe, and increasing distress of the people, the wretched derangement of the currency, our constant exposure to be inundated by refuse goods, introduced by foreign importers, to be deprived by them of the little gold and silver we have, and thus left without a basis for our paper money; the closing of many of our manufactories, and the reduction of them all; the depression of farming produce, and the commencing fall of wages—these, and other causes, made the people of the free States chafe and stamp for a new tariff. They were never so convinced before of the importance of a tariff, and never so well prepared to appreciate its benefits.—The slave States enjoying at present, and always heretofore, a ready and ample market for their great staple, have comparatively little to desire on that score; and as they pay no wages to their laborers, there can be no reduction of wages to occasion popular discontent and sedition. As a section, they have little to hope *directly*, but much to fear from a protective system. They have long been studying and *experimenting*, to determine the *minimum* expense of the subsistence and clothing of a human being. The tariff may in a moment derange all their results, and disappoint, in this respect, all their plans. It is said that they cannot avail themselves of the encouragement which it may offer them to become manufacturers; and the reason commonly assigned is that they dare not collect, and keep in close contact, so many slaves, as would be required for carrying on a factory; and that neither do they dare to expose much property to the torch of the incendiary. I pay little heed to these reasons; doubtless they do exist, but they would not alone prevail against the urgings of avarice, the inconvenience of perpetual debts and mortgages, and the terrors of bankruptcy. The real cause why manufacturers cannot flourish at the South is, that slaves never will acquire the skill, and use the care and vigilance, requisite for the management of complicated and delicate machinery. Give them wages, and they would be transformed at once into smart, diligent, and expert operatives. I have been informed that this was the case with a number of slaves employed by a northern manufacturer of arms, established in a southern State, although they were permitted to have only a small part of their wages! This may serve to give an inkling of the vast amount of talent and activity which emancipation would reveal at the South.

The late tariff act is remarkable, as having caused the first palpable breach betwixt the *slaveholders* and the *democracy*. Hitherto, they have generally been as united as a dipthong. On this occasion, some twenty or thirty northern democrats heeded the cries of their distressed constituents, more than the mandates of the slavocracy. They deserve the thanks of their country.

It is impossible to foresee the consequences of a movement so novel; but it does seem to me that this may be the beginning of that reunion of northern men, which, when once ascertained, will cause slavery to sink as by magic, to the dark pit from whence it came, and our country to rise immensurably in morality, prosperity, and respectability.—D. L. C.

PRO-SLAVERY.

The article under this head is worth the reading, as an illustration of the foggy influence produced on the mind by living in the midst of slavery. The "Reverend" writer says: "Lying, stealing, drunkenness, &c. are common sins among them; and what is truly lamentable, the practice of any or all these sins does not affect reputation among themselves as it should; and consequently a very strong incentive to forsake them is lost." And again: "They are more exposed to temptation than any other class, at the same time they are surrounded with fewer restraints. All are strangers to intellectual, and thousands of them to moral culture."

But while all this is admitted, the writer has not sagacity enough to see that this state of things is the unavoidable result of slavery. It passes the ingenuity of man to produce any better fruit from that accursed tree. "Ameliorate *slavery!*" exclaimed Mr. Fox; "You might as well talk of ameliorating *murder*"!

Yet the "Reverend" writer proposes to ameliorate a state of things so bad that even *he* cannot be blind to it, by sending missionaries among the slaves; and *such* missionaries! "*Southern* men, who will carefully abstain from all intermeddling with the *affairs and regulations of the plantations*." He says the slave's first duty is to obey his master in *all* things; that God has commanded him to do so, "without regard to the justice or injustice of his character."

Suppose a missionary should inculcate personal purity, and speak of adultery as sin. A woman slave answers, "But my master compels me to leave my husband, and live with *him*." Oh very well," replies the "*southron*." "God commands you to obey your master in all things."

The following negro commentary on the decalogue, appeared in England during the anti-slavery agitation there. It furnishes the slave with very appropriate answers to the teachings of a "*southern*" missionary.

"Thou shalt have no other Gods before me."

"Oh, Lord, how glad poor negro be; he had no other God but thee. But massa no let him have you. God tell me I must 'bey him first. Massa say I must 'bey him first. What sal I do? God very good—perhaps He forgive poor negro, if him 'bey massa first. Massa no forgive, if I 'bey God first."

"Honor thy father and thy mother."

"Who dey be? Where's negro's fader and moder? How can him honor dem? Suppose he see driver flog him fader—what can he do? Suppose him see driver throw down him moder—flog her—she bleed? If slave speak one word, driver flog him too. Oh, Lord, tell massa to leave the poor negro alone, and then him can honor fader and moder."

"Thou shalt not commit adultery."

"They make me do dat. Dey no let me marry. Wicked massa take away wife. Bad driver take away wife. Massa sell wife—sell child—heart most break. Me tink me never take up with noder wife; but massa make me take wife, for hab child, for him market. Oh, Lord, tell massa not take away negro wife—den negro can 'bey God."

"Thou shalt not steal."

"Oh, Fader in Heaven! White man steal me—steal my time—steal my wages—steal my wife—steal my pickaninny. Oh, Lord, tell massa no more steal me, no more steal my work, no more steal my pickaninny; den I no more steal him sugar cane."

To commentaries like these, what could the "*southern*" missionary answer? bound, as he would be at the outset, not to intermeddle even in words, "with the affairs and regulations of the plantations?

As for the scriptural argument of the Rev. Josiah Law, (if argument it can be called) it is concisely and well answered by Dr. Brisbane, in the short article which immediately follows.

WHAT EDUCATES THE PEOPLE?

A good deal of excitement has prevailed in the city on account of the fatal issue of the last pugilistic *entertainment*. Some think the brutal taste was acquired by visiting the Bowery Theatre, where English prize-fighters have been brought on the stage, to bruise and mangle each other for the amusement of spectators. This may have had its share; but there are many other causes in daily operation, to brutify the young people in New-York. One of the most striking, is the manner of disposing of dogs.—Instead of taxing dogs heavily, rigidly enforcing the tax, and quietly sending off every one found without his owner's name on his collar, a company of men are sent round with clubs, generally bloody. They knock down dogs in the most brutal manner, spatter blood and brains on the pavement, and toss the poor animals into a cart, often half dead, and struggling with agony. Sometimes lamed and dying, they stagger beyond their pursuer's reach, presenting a spectacle so shocking, that it makes the tender-hearted faint to look upon it. These men, with their bloody clubs, and hideous cart, are always followed by a crowd of lads and boys, to witness the sport. Is *this* the way a Christian community should educate its children? Ingenuity could not devise a surer method to prepare French Revolution cut-throats. No wonder that a few summers of such sights prepare the lads to flock by thousands to poor McCoy's slaughter.

COINCIDENCES.

"Need you better sympathy than that?"

I have often been struck with general points of resemblance between the character and condition of women, and that of colored people.

1st. Very young colored children are proverbial for brightness, and an aptitude to learn. The comparative quickness of the little negroes, over white children of the same age, is often mentioned by southerners, and is a common remark of those school teachers at the North, who have had pupils of both complexions. But at a certain age, generally from eight to twelve, the colored child stops in his intellectual progress, while the white child shoots ahead.

The same thing is true of girls, in comparison with boys. At an early age, they are proverbially more quick at learning; but afterwards, they lag behind.—The cause is the same in both cases. The white boy has opened before *him* the whole career of art, science, government, and war. He has a prospective use for his acquirements; whereas, to the girl, they are mere amusements, or accomplishments to please. Even in this view, the cultivation of intellect is discouraged; for her *only* avenue to wealth or distinction in society, is through matrimony; and she is told that gentlemen in general do not like intellectual ladies.

The colored youth is likewise deprived of *motive* to mental exertion. Whatever may be his qualifications, he is not allowed to be a lawyer, or merchant, or artist, or civil engineer; or anything else, but the vender of second-hand clothing, or preacher to an audience below his own level of information. When he is very young, he is happily unconscious of his fetters, and his natural faculties develop without hindrance; but as soon as he becomes old enough to observe the distinctions of society, he feels the withering blight of prejudice, and it palsies his soul.

2d. The colored race have been the victims of physical force. They have been *compelled* to take an inferior station, by nations stronger than they, and better skilled in the use of arms. Everywhere, they do a large portion of the hard, and menial work. Everywhere, they are taught that it is their peculiar duty to be submissive; obedience and docility are almost the only virtues urged upon them. They are assured that Providence *ordained* them to an inferior station; that the Bible distinctly reveals it; and as a general thing, they *believe* these assertions.

The same thing is true of women. Notwithstanding inferiority of physical strength, they actually do two-thirds of the drudgery that is done in the world. Let any one who doubts it, observe the immense amount of hard labor done by women in Russia, France, the Netherlands, &c.; and include the Tartars, Indians, and New Hollanders. With the exception of the cultivated classes, in a few highly-civilized countries, man compels woman to be his drudge, because he has the physical strength to enforce his claim. He tells her that God ordains it, and the Bible reveals it; and she believes him.

3d. The colored people have been distinguished, in all ages, for their docility in submitting to oppressive customs, and unjust requisitions. The moving spring to all their actions lies in their *affections*; they are the gentlest and most easily attached of all races of the earth.

The parallel here between them and women is sufficiently obvious.

4th. Colored people, as a class, are strongly imbued with the religious sentiment. Their deep emotions are naturally allied to worship; the manifestation of their feelings on the great jubilee of freedom, in the British West Indies, is a striking proof of this. Their tendencies, moreover, are observably toward exciting forms of religion, rather than to the more quiet and rational. In this, as in other things, the head obeys the heart.

Here, too, the similarity between them and women, (speaking of them both as *classes*,) needs no argument.

5th. Colored people have been very respectably distinguished in science, literature, and art; but they have, in no instance, attained to the *highest*. They have furnished no Milton, no Michael Angelo, no Sir Isaac Newton.

The same is true of women, though not in the same degree. They have produced a Sofonisba Angusciola, and an Angelica Kauffman; but no Raphael, or Titian. Mrs. Somerville stands highest among them in science; but none would think of comparing her to Newton, or Laplace. Madame de Stael ranks highest in literature; but who would name her with Shakspeare or Goethe? In the drama alone, woman approaches to the highest grade; for the fame of Siddons stands as high as that of Garrick.

6th. Both women and colored people, as classes, have been excluded from government and politics.

7th. Slaves are vain of being in demand in the market, and often boast of their numerous bidders, and the high prices offered for them. I might be thought malicious were I to carry out the parallel here; yet it certainly is not without significance.

8th. Colored people, as a class, are exceedingly fond of personal decorations. The plainness of masculine attire, compared with that of women, is obvious enough.

9th. Both with regard to women and slaves, men take away *rights*, and then make a great merit of granting *privileges*. A process which, even under the most favorable circumstances, greatly impairs the moral strength, both of aggressor and victim.

10th. Both colored people and women are held bound to obey laws, which they had no share in framing. They

cannot become legislators or judges, but they may be imprisoned and hung.

11th. Both women and colored people are taught that it is not becoming to form opinions for themselves; that it is going out of their place; that they should receive their opinions from others; and if they shine at all, shine with a reflected light. "God is thy law, *thou* mine," is considered the appropriate language of the wife to her husband, and of the slave to his master. God forgive Milton for sending that false sentiment down the stream of time, in such a jewelled setting! It has done much to bewilder ideas of moral responsibility, and render human souls inert and sickly.

12th. Physical force brought both these classes into subjection; and moral power is bringing them both out of their false position. As moral sentiment gains the ascendancy over animal strength, the condition of women rises. A high degree of intellectual cultivation becomes less and less remarkable among them. By silent, but very perceptible degrees, they mingle in new departments of thought and enterprise; and few arise to dispute their right.

And as brute force sinks more and more to its appropriate level in the estimation of mankind, there is everywhere an increasing disposition to strike fetters from the colored race, and leave them to a free development of such faculties as God has given them.—L. M. C.

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, TAUNTON AND NEW BEDFORD RAILROAD.

It seems that the directors of these railroads do not *deserve* the credit bestowed on them by our friends, Nathaniel Barney, and E. G. Loring, in a recent number of the Standard. There was, for a time, a promise of better things; but a letter from New Bedford, published in the Liberator, declares:

"There is now the same bullying propensity of the whites carried on, as there used to be; if anything, it is worse. About a week ago, one of our most respectable colored inhabitants, wishing to go on the railroad to the 'Millerite Camp Ground,' with his daughter, was about to be thrust into the loafers' car, or what the conductors call the 'Jim Crow' car; but he very properly left the depot, and returned home. This is not a solitary instance of the brutal inhumanity of the railroad directors."

An influential citizen of New Bedford, with whom we had the pleasure of spending an evening a few weeks since, informed us that it *was* decided to rescind the despotic and disgraceful rule established by the directors, but the vote was passed at a small meeting; and other directors, who were absent at the time, were indignant at the improvement, and reversed the decision at their next meeting. Could they foresee how this will appear a century hence, they would feel abundantly more mean than if they had been among those who hung and burned old women for riding through the air on a broomstick. Truth is eternal; but prejudice passes away, and soon finds "none so poor to do it reverence."

THE MASSACHUSETTS FAIR.

Let not the circular for this Fair, be passed by unheeded. We mean no disparagement to other agencies, or other places, when we say that, for several years past, the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair, has been a *most* important auxiliary to the cause of humanity and freedom. At times, it has even been doubtful whether the wheels could have kept moving briskly, without this agency. Let all, then, (except the very few who have conscientious scruples against Fairs,) aid the workingwomen of Massachusetts, heart and hand. Last year's Fair was elegant and profitable; but, notwithstanding the hard times, there will be a strenuous effort this year to outdo all the past.

"Farmers, manufacturers and merchants, who wish to aid the cause by donations of their respective goods and products, will find the Fair an effectual opportunity. Donations of money or materials, and an interchange of suggestion and advice, may be made at 39 Summer street, or 4 High street, Boston. Letters and parcels addressed to 25 Cornhill, will be safely forwarded to the managers.

☞All persons intending to purchase Christmas and New-Year's presents, are informed that agents in Europe have already received such orders as will ensure a splendid choice for that purpose.

☞Articles and donations for the annual,—'The Liberty Bell,' (the fourth number of which will be issued the first day of the Fair, in a more beautiful style than the preceding ones,) should be addressed to the editor, M. W. Chapman, 39 Summer street."

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 38.

I went last week to Blackwell's island, in the East river, between the city and Long Island. The environs of the city are unusually beautiful, considering how far autumn has advanced upon us. Frequent rains have coaxed vegetation into abundance, and preserved it in verdant beauty. The trees are hung with a profusion of vines, the rocks are dressed in nature's green velvet of moss, and from every little cleft peeps the rich foliage of some wind-scattered seed. The island itself presents a quiet loveliness of scenery, unsurpassed by anything I have ever witnessed; though Nature and I are old friends, and she has shown me many of her choicest pictures, in a light let in only from above. No form of gracefulness can compare with the bend of flowing waters all round and round a verdant island.—The circle typifies Love; and those who read the spiritual alphabet, written all over the earth, will see that a circle of *waters* must needs be very beautiful. Beautiful it *is*, even when the language it speaks is an unknown tongue. Then the green hills beyond look so very pleasant in the sunshine, with *homes* nestling among them, like dimples on a smiling face. The island itself abounds with charming nooks—open wells in shady places, screened by large weeping willows; gardens and arbors running down to the river's edge, to look at themselves in the waters; and pretty boats, like white-winged birds, chased by their shadows, and breaking the waves into gems.

But man has profaned this charming retreat. He has brought the screech owl, the bat, and the vulture, into the holy temple of Nature. The island belongs to government; and the only buildings on it are penitentiary, mad-house, and hospital; with a few dwellings occupied by those connected with those institutions. The discord between man and nature never before struck me so painfully; yet it is wise and kind to place the erring and the diseased in the midst of such calm, bright influences. Man may curse, but Nature forever blesses. The guiltiest of her wandering children she would fain enfold within her arms to the friendly heart-warmth of a mother's bosom. She speaks to them ever in the soft, low tones of earnest love; but they, alas, tossed on the roaring, stunning surge of Society, forget the quiet language.

As I looked up at the massive walls of the prison, it did my heart good to see doves nestling within the shelter of the deep, narrow, grated windows. I thought what blessed little messengers of heaven they would appear to me, if I were in prison; but instantly a shadow passed over the sunshine of my thought. Alas, doves do not speak to *their* souls, as they would to *mine*; for they have lost their love for childlike, and gentle things. *How* have they lost it? Society with its unequal distribution, its perverted education, its manifold injustice, its cold neglect, its biting mockery, has taken from them the gifts of God. They are placed here, in the midst of green hills, and flowing streams, and cooing doves, after the heart is petrified against the genial influence of all such sights and sounds.

As usual, the organ of justice (which phrenologists say is unusually developed in my skull) was roused into great activity by the sight of prisoners. They said, "Would you have them prey on society?" I answered, "I am troubled that society has preyed upon *them*. I will not enter into an argument about the right of society to punish these sinners; but I say she *made* them sinners. How much I have done toward it, by yielding to popular prejudices, obeying false customs, and suppressing vital truths, I know not; but doubtless I have done, and am doing, my share. God forgive me. If He dealt with us, as we deal with our brother, who could stand before Him?",

While I was there, they brought in the editors of the Flash, the Libertine, and the Weekly Rake. My very soul loathes such polluted publications; yet a sense of justice again made me refractory. These men were perhaps trained to such service by all the social influences they had ever known. They dared to *publish* what nine-tenths of all around them *lived* unreproved. Why should they be imprisoned, while ——— flourished in the full tide of editorial success, circulating as paper as immoral, and perhaps more dangerous, because its indecency is slightly veiled? Why should the Weekly Rake be shut up, when daily rakes walk Broadway in fine broadcloth and silk velvet?

Many more than half the inmates of the penitentiary were women; and of course a large proportion of them were taken up as "street-walkers." The men who made them such, who, perchance, caused the love of a human heart to be its ruin, and changed tenderness into sensuality and crime—these men live in the ceiled houses of Broadway, and sit in council in the City Hall, and pass "regulations" to clear the streets they have filled with sin. And do you suppose their poor victims do not *feel* the injustice of society thus regulated? Think you they respect the *laws*? Vicious they are, and they may be both ignorant and foolish; but, nevertheless, they are too wise to respect such laws. Their whole being cries out that it is a mockery; all their experience proves that society is a game of chance, where the cunning slip through, and the strong leap over. The criminal *feels* this, even when incapable of *reasoning* upon it.—The laws do not secure his reverence, because he sees that their operation is unjust. The secrets of prisons, so far as they are revealed, all tend to show that the prevailing feeling of criminals, of all grades, is that they are *wronged*. What we call *justice*, they regard as an unlucky *chance*; and whosoever looks calmly and wisely into the foundations on which society rolls and tumbles, (I cannot say on which it *rests*, for its foundations heave like the sea,) will perceive that they *are* victims of chance.

For instance, everything in school-books, social remarks, domestic conversation, literature, public festivals legislative proceedings, and popular honors, all teach the young soul that it is noble to retaliate, mean to forgive an insult, and unmanly not to resent a wrong. Animal instincts, instead of being brought into subjection to the higher powers of the soul, are thus cherished into more than natural activity. Of three men thus educated, one enters the army, kills a hundred Indians, hangs their scalps on a tree, is made major-general, and considered a fitting candidate for the presidency. The second goes to the Southwest to reside; some "roarer" calls him a rascal—a phrase not misapplied, perhaps, but necessary to be resented; he agrees to settle the question of honor at ten paces, shoots his insulter through the heart, and is hailed by society as a brave man. The third lives in New-York; a man enters his office, and, true or untrue, calls him a knave. He fights, kills his adversary, is tried by the laws of the land, and hung. These three men indulged the same passion, acted from the same motives, and illustrated the same education; yet how different their fate!

With regard to dishonesty, too—the maxims of trade, the customs of society, and the general unreflecting tone of public conversation, all tend to promote it. The man who has made "good bargains," is wealthy and honored; yet the details of those bargains few would dare to pronounce good. Of two young men nurtured under such influences, one becomes a successful merchant; five thousand dollars are borrowed of him; he takes a mortgage on a house worth twenty thousand dollars; in the absence of the owner, when sales are very dull, he offers the house for sale, to pay his mortgage; he bids it in himself, for four thousand dollars; and afterwards persecutes and imprisons his debtor for the remaining thousand. Society calls him a shrewd business man, and pronounces his dinners excellent; the chance is, he will be a magistrate before he dies.—The other young man is unsuccessful; his necessities are great; he borrows some money from his employer's drawer, perhaps resolving to restore the same; the loss is discovered before he has a chance to refund it; and society sends him to Blackwell's island, to hammer stone with highway robbers. Society made both those men thieves; but punished the one, while she rewarded the other. That criminals so universally *feel* themselves victims of injustice, is one strong proof that it is true; for impressions entirely without foundation are not apt to become universal. If society does make its own criminals, how shall she cease to do it? It can be done only by a change in the structure of society, that will diminish the temptations to vice, and increase the encouragements to virtue. If we can abolish *poverty*, we shall have taken the greatest step toward the abolition of *crime*; and this will be the final triumph of the gospel of Christ. Diversities of gifts will doubtless always exist; for the law written on spirit, as well as matter, is infinite variety. But when the kingdom of God comes "on earth, as it is in heaven," there will not be found in any corner of it that poverty which hardens the heart under the severe pressure of physical suffering, and stultifies the intellect with toil for mere animal wants. When public opinion regards wealth as a *means*, and not as an *end*, men will no longer deem penitentiaries a necessary evil; for society will then cease to be a great school for crime. In the meantime, do penitentiaries and prisons increase or diminish the evils they are intended to remedy? The superintendent at Blackwell told me, unasked, that ten years experience had convinced him that the whole system tended to *increase* crime. He said of the lads who came there, a large proportion had already been in the house of refuge; and a large proportion of those who left, afterward went to Sing Sing. "It as as regular a succession as the classes in a college," said he, "from the house of refuge to the penitentiary, and from the penitentiary to the State prison." I remarked that coercion tended to rouse all the bad passions in man's nature, and if long continued, hardened the whole character. "I know that," said he, "from my own experience; all the devil there is in me rises up when a man attempts to compel me. But what can I do? I am *obliged* to be very strict. When my feelings tempt me to unusual indulgence, a bad use is almost always made of it. I see that the system fails to produce the effect intended; but I cannot change the result."

I felt that his words were true. He could not change the influence of the system while he discharged the duties of his office; for the same reason that a man cannot be at once slave-driver and missionary on a plantation. I allude to the necessities of the office, and do not mean to imply that the character of the individual was severe. On the contrary, the prisoners seemed to be made as comfortable as was possibly compatible with their situation. There were watch-towers, and men with loaded guns, to prevent escape from the island; but they conversed freely with each other as they worked in the sunshine, and very few of them looked wretched. Among those who were sent under guard to row us back to the city, was one who jested on his own situation, in a manner which showed plainly enough that he looked on the whole thing as a game of chance, in which he *happened* to be the loser. Indulgence cannot benefit such characters. What is wanted is, that no human being should grow up without deep and friendly interest from the society around him; and that none should feel himself the victim of injustice, because society punishes the very sins which it teaches, nay drives men to commit. The world would be in a happier condition if legislators spent half as much time and labor to *prevent* crime, as they do to *punish* it. This truth begins, at last, to be generally perceived.—L. M. C.

FOR EUROPE.

Lord Morpeth (a sincere friend of humanity and freedom, ennobled by God, not by his title) returned to England by the Great Western last week, after a long sojourn in this country, commending himself everywhere by his unassuming deportment, and perfect simplicity of manner.

Henry C. Wright sailed a few days before. The friends of non-resistance have sent him to England to advocate the principles of peace. Anti-slavery will form an incidental part of his mission; being contained within the doctrines of peace and good-will, as the unit is contained in the aggregate.

THE NORTHERN STAR AND FREEMAN'S ADVOCATE.

We always hail this neat little weekly journal with pleasure, as an honorable sign of the intelligence and rapidly improving taste of a class of citizens, whom we are obliged to designate as *colored*, though we blush to mention so unimportant a circumstance as complexion. It is edited at Albany, by J. G. Stewart and C. S. Morton; and intended to elevate the proscribed class to which they belong, to social and political equality, through the agency of Temperance, Education, and Morality.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY ALMANAC FOR 1843.

Again we urge our friends to send in orders for this almanac, and help to give it as wide a circulation as possible. We copy the following notice from the Liberator:

"This Almanac contains 48 large pages, and, being in a popular form, is one of the cheapest and best tracts on the subject of slavery, that have yet been circulated, and will be likely to secure an attentive perusal on the part of every person into whose hands it may fall. As it has been compiled without any reference either to the religious or the political divisions which have distracted the anti-slavery ranks, none who profess to be abolitionists can object to giving it the widest circulation, but all should feel willing and anxious to 'scatter it as the seed-wheat of humanity' all over the land."

Terms cash only, $25 per thousand, $4 per hundred, 6 cents, single. Help us to pay *promptly* for the paper and printing.

SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT.—Read this article on our first page, and then, if you *can*, reconcile it with your conscience and your God to be doing nothing for the overthrow of slavery.

ERRATUM.—In the article headed "Religion and Slavery," for "eighth," read *eighteenth* century.

At Bennington, Vt. on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 2d, at half past five, just as the sun was setting, DR. WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING passed most peacefully into the world of spirits.

Anti-Slavery Items.

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS.—It is with extreme regret that I inform the friends of the anti-slavery enterprise in Ohio, that circumstances are such as to render it impracticable for me to attend the conventions in that State, at which I am expected to be present. The appointments were made without consulting me definitely as to the time, though not without some ground to hope that I should be able to fulfill them, in order. I am aware that this announcement will create great disappointment in that section of the country, and am sorry that expectations have been raised which cannot be realized. The same obstacles which prevent my going to Ohio, will also prevent me from going to Western New-York and Western Pennsylvania. But I trust this will not at all diminish the interest or check the zeal of the western abolitionists, in regard to the meetings which have been advertised to be held next month. It is needless for me to say that I long for the opportunity to see all friends at the West, face to face; but I see no prospect of being able to do so, the present year.—*W. L. Garrison.—Liberator.*

BRITISH WEST INDIES.—IMPORTANT EXPERIMENT.—The most interesting fact which has met our eye in the West India files, is from the small colony of St. Lucia. It appears that the plan of cultivating the cane in joint shares between the proprietors and the laborers, in given proportions, has been tried this season in that little colony, and has been found to be perfectly successful. An experiment on this principle was recommended to be tried by Lord Stanley, and was at the time deemed altogether impracticable, by many persons professing to be thoroughly conversant with the negro character. If this specimen be a fair sample of the stock, however, it is not only an evidence of his lordship's superior sagacity, but is in itself of the first-rate importance, as bidding fair to overcome the repugnance of the free laborers to regular consecutive exertion, than any incentive that has yet been applied. The little colony has suffered most severely from drought, throughout the season; and on the higher districts, many of the best canes will remain uncut; yet so well has the principle of giving the laborers an interest in the crop worked in practice, that the sugar produced is estimated to double that of last year, the produce of which was a considerable increase upon that of 1840. It is quite clear, indeed, that if the system can be brought to work generally, as well as in the case of St. Lucia, it is the most important advance made under the emancipation act; and it will speedily remove the complaint, still continued, more or less, from all the colonies, but more particularly from Demarara, that the colored laborers were swamping the old proprietors by purchasing the land upon which they would not work for others. Of the universal applicability of the principle to the whole of the western colonies, and of its entire success in attaining the object, if the laborers are fairly dealt by, not the slightest doubt is entertained in St. Lucia; not an instance of failure having occurred on a single estate where the experiment has been made this season.—*London paper.*

SLAVEHOLDERS A HOSPITAL OF INCURABLES.—The Louisville (Ky.) Advertiser, in an article on the subject of "negro riots," says:

We believe, and we doubt not every man of sense in the Union, whether of the slaveholding or the non-slaveholding States, coincides with us in the belief, that negro slavery is the greatest evil that has ever befallen the rising fortunes of our country. Whether it has been a curse or blessing to the negro, we leave to be resolved by better casuists than ourselves; but we are convinced that the evil has weighed more heavily upon the white man; and its severity is aggravated by the impossibility, as far as any experiment has yet been tried, or any scheme proposed and examined, of ridding ourselves effectually of it. It clings to us like the shirt of Nessus; and since we can see no prospect of deliverance from it, we must avail ourselves of the alternative of mitigating, as far as possible, its inflictions, and providing against the dangers which it denounces.

We would advise the editor of the Kentucky Advertiser to take a voyage to Antigua, and Bermuda, and St. Lucia, and see how *they* got rid of "the poisoned shirt of Nessus," without losing a particle of skin, or shedding a drop of blood.

COLORED MEN IN LOUISIANA!—WARNING TO SHIPOWNERS AND SHIPMASTERS!—We have just seen an act, passed by the authorities of Louisiana the present year, entitled, "An act more effectually to prevent free persons of color from entering into this State, and for other purposes." The act is not only arbitrary, but undoubtedly unconstitutional, and is exceedingly onerous and unjust in its operations, with regard to the free States; and the very essence of tyranny and oppression in its operation on free colored persons, who are not by the Constitution debarred from the rights and privileges of American citizens. The bill consists of fifteen sections; the first is as follows:

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana, in general assembly convened, That from and after the time specified in this act, no free negro, mulatto, or person of color, shall come into this State, on board of any vessel or steamboat, as a cook, steward, mariner, or in any employment on board said vessel or steamboat, or as a passenger; and in case any vessel or steamboat shall arrive in any port or harbor, or landing, on any river of this State, from any other State or foreign port, having on board any such free negro, mulatto, or person of color, the harbor master, or other officer having charge of such port, or any person or persons residing at or near said landing, shall forthwith notify the nearest judge or justice of the peace in the parish in which said port, or harbor, or landing is situated, of the arrival of said vessel or steamboat; whereupon the said judge or justice of the peace shall immediately issue a warrant to apprehend and bring every such free negro, mulatto, or person of color before him; and on the execution of said warrant, by bringing before him such free negro, mulatto, or person of color, he shall forthwith commit him or her to the parish jail, there to be confined until said vessel or steamboat shall be ready to proceed to sea or to her place of destination, when the master or commander of such vessel or steamboat shall, by the written permit or order of the said judge or justice of the peace, take and carry away out of this State every such free negro, mulatto, or person of color, and pay the expenses of his or her apprehension and detention.

In the other sections, various penalties are prescribed to aid in carrying out the principles of this act. Every master of a vessel, on board which a free black or mulatto may have been brought into Louisiana, must give a bond, with securities to an amount not exceeding five hundred dollars, that he will pay all expenses of arrest and detention, and carry the proscribed individual out of the State. The penalty for refusing to give such security, is one thousand dollars. Every free black or mulatto person, who may return after having been sent out of the State, shall be liable to imprisonment at hard labor, for five years; and if he shall be found in the State, thirty days after such imprisonment, he shall be liable to imprisonment at hard labor for life!

It is further enacted, that any person who brings into the State any free person of color, in violation of this act, shall be punished, on conviction, by a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars, for the first offense; and for the second, by imprisonment not exceeding six months, and by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars. Also, that any person who shall employ or harbor, or entertain as a boarder or lodger, any free person of color, residing in the State contrary to law, shall, on conviction thereof, be punished by a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars, for each offense.

It behooves our merchants and shipmasters to examine the provisions in the above unjust law, before they leave a northern port on a voyage to New Orleans. —*Emancipator.*

OUT OF THINE OWN MOUTH WILL I CONDEMN THEE.—In the address to the Democratic Electors of New-York, it is stated: "That the great objects of republican government, are to extend to *every* individual the blessings of freedom, to make life and property secure, and to render the pursuit of happiness equally open and free to *all*; and that all legislation which has for its object, or its tendency, to accumulate wealth in *few hands*, or to promote private pecuniary interests, is in derogation of these fundamental principles, and is calculated to weaken, if not to overthrow, our free institutions, by engrafting upon them practical maxims at war with their genius and spirit, and with the interests and welfare of the great body of the people."

Look at the votes of this selfsame party in Congress, on a thousand occasions where the demands of slavery clash with the interests of freedom! Look at their presidential ticket, bearing the name of John C. Calhoun! a man who openly maintains that the many *must* be owned by the few!

DID I TREAD ON YOUR TOE?—The New-York Observer some time since remarked, in substance, that no anti-slavery newspaper in the country had ever supported itself. Very true. How could they expect that papers established to effect a moral reform—and not to make money—would be sustained without continual sacrifices? Do they not know that a money-making paper will often succumb to popular prejudice—take an equivocal part in the leading topics of the day—and frequently take the side of evil-doers, rather than lose subscribers, or forego the great object before them, viz. amassing money?—*Anti-Slavery Reporter.*

HIGH IDEA OF CHURCH INFLUENCE.—A writer in the Tocsin of Liberty says: "I obtain converts almost, or quite, everywhere; especially in new places where there has been no quarrelling about it. And when I get them they go for liberty party. In this way I get church members to *vote* against slavery; and this is the *best* church action there is."

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.—General Duff Green is in London, has been there several months, and is quite a lion: so say the papers. The general is American to the bone, and loses no opportunity to speak in praise of the institutions of his own blessed government. On the 8th of July ultimo, at an anti-corn law convention in London, the general was present, and introduced to the convention by that notorious abolitionist, well known in this country, George Thompson. Duff Green hated abolitionists in this country. But no matter, introduction was the thing he wanted, and that he obtained. The honor of attending the said convention, the honor of making a speech in honor of his own country, was the honor he most coveted That honor was granted, and General Duff Green did make a speech.—*New-York Sun.*

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 10th mo. (October) 6th.

Received for the Standard.—The following persons each paid $2: James Boyce, Lynn, Mass.; Gaius Baker, Buffalo; Albert Torrey, Yarmouth Centre, Me.; Nathaniel Merrill, Pownal; M. Hussey, Portland, Me.; Hanson & Dennitt, do.; Harriet Carr, Brandon, Vt.; A. J. Hinckley, Manchester Centre, Ct.; Charles Nash, Boston; L. A. Brewer, do.; Christopher L. Drew, Kingston, Mass.; J. T. Loines, New-York City; John Ferguson, North Castle; George Burnham, Eastford, Ct.; Phebe Darlington, Westchester, Penn.; Ezra Willets, Aurora, Cayuga county, N. Y.

Jacob Kimball, Portland, Me. $1; A. M. Lucas, Upton, Mass. 50 cts.; Polly D. Bradish, do. $1; Legrand Bennet, Newtown, Ct. 50 cts.; E. Winslow, Aurora, Cayuga county, N. Y. $1; A. Underhill, Lavana, Cayuga county, N. Y. $1; Semantha White, Sherwoods Corners, $1; David Ray, Chatham, N. Y. $1 25; Hannah S. Ferguson, Esopus, N. Y. $1; A. Samson, Eagle Harbor, Orleans county, N. Y. $1; Eastern Pennsylvania A. S. Society, $79 58.

Donations.—Anna Maria Van Eps, 50 cts.; Sarah Van Eps, 50 cts.; Mary H. Willets, 25 cts.; M. Atwater, $1; S. Hudson, 50; M. Alsop, $1; H. T. Howland, $1 50; S. R. Doty, $1; A Friend, 50 cts.; S. G. Alsop, $1; E. Pryor, $1; H. Hutchinson, $1; E. White, $1; Elizabeth Ann Comstock, New-York city, $1; Contributions at Millport, $1 25; A friend in Spencer, 50 cts.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treas'r.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Items.

Loyalty.—Albert and Victoria are received with unbounded enthusiasm in Scotland. The progress up the Frith was one continual scene of splendor; immediately after sunset, numerous fires being lighted on the hills, and fireworks being discharged at intervals both on the shore, by the royal yacht, and the numerous vessels accompanying the squadron. Every little boat in every village along the coast seemed to have been put in requisition, and one universal sentiment of joyous exultation pervaded every bosom.

The last sovereign that visited the Highlands was also a queen. The beautiful and unfortunate Mary of Scots made the journey on horseback, in 1562.

Sentence.—John Bean, the humpbacked youth, has been sentenced to eighteen months' hard labor in the penitentiary, for presenting a pistol at the royal carriage. The sentence is generally considered a mild one, though the pistol was a rusty old thing, that could not go off, and the culprit a poor, ignorant animal. In case of any similar misdemeanor, it is said that the new law will be called into operation, which adjudges public floggings for the same. It is a disgrace to England to restore, for *any* purpose, this brutal custom of a barbarian age. If Victoria has either womanly or manly feelings, she will never allow it to be employed in *her* defense.

Crops.—In Ireland, good accounts are given of the crops, and a fine harvest was considered certain. The number of persons in the Union workhouse of Ireland, had lessened one-half within the last three weeks, in consequence of the abundant harvest, especially of potatoes. In some places, potatoes could almost be had for digging.

King of Hanover.—The report that his majesty had died suddenly, in consequence of taking ices at a public review in Dusseldorf, is contradicted. He is lying seriously ill.

Report of the West India Committee.—The committee appointed by the House of Commons on the West India colonies have at length presented their report. It is very short, a mere prefix indeed to a series of resolutions, thirteen in number, which follow it, and which embody the general conclusions at which the committee appear, though not unanimously, to have arrived. The first two resolutions assert the results of emancipation to be most gratifying, as it respects the condition and character of the negro population, and bear ample testimony to their rapid improvement in civilization, morals, and religion. The next two resolutions affirm the existence of distress in the West India colonies, but especially in Jamaica, British Guiana, and Trinidad, arising from diminished production. The succeeding four resolutions assert the causes of the distress to be the difficulty of obtaining steady and continuous labor, and the high rate of wages paid for such labor as can be obtained. This they attribute to the fact that some of the former slaves have betaken themselves to more profitable occupations than field labor—to the ease with which they can live in comfort and acquire wealth—to the competition for labor among the planters—but principally to the easy terms upon which the use of land has been obtainable by the negroes. The remedies proposed by the committee are three-fold: first, that the planters should introduce "moderate and prudent changes in the system which they have hitherto adopted;" secondly, that there should be an "immigration of a fresh laboring population, to such an extent as to create competition for employment;" and, thirdly, "that the laws which regulate the relations between employers and laborers in the different colonies, should undergo early and careful revision by the respective legislatures."—*London Anti-Slavery Reporter.*

Invasion of Yucatan.—A letter from Laguna, dated September 9th, stated that the town was in possession of thirteen thousand of Santa Anna's troops. The remainder of the Yucatan navy, lying at the time in the port of Laguna, and consisting of a brig and two schooners, had capitulated with the town without resistance. The troops who were made prisoners at Laguna, consisting of about two hundred, were taken by the Tobasquine to Campeachy.

Texas, and its Resources.—Mr. Jas. Izod, of Natchez, formerly resident in Texas, a gentleman who is well acquainted with that country, has handed the editor of the Natchez Courier the following statistics, which are of interest to every reader. They were taken from correct authority, during the sojourn of Mr. Izod in the republic of the lone star:

Estimated area of Texas in acres, as defined by the acts of Congress of 1830,		203,520,000
Amount of land granted by the Mexican government, and confirmed by the government of Texas,	52,311,360	
Amount of land granted by the government of Texas since the declaration of independence,	5,697,356	
Additional amount granted by the government of Texas since the 1st Oct. 1837,	3,535,974	
Amount granted as bounty to those who served in the army,	4,363,974	
Amount of land scrip issued and sold by the government of Texas,	1,500,000	
		67,408,673
Amount of unappropriated land, (acres)		136,111,327

Texan Independence.—Well do we remember being to the town of Washington, on the Brasos river, (Texas,) on the night when the declaration of independence was signed. It was a night of alarm and confusion. The disastrous news of the fall of the Alamo—of the death of Travis, Bowle, and Crockett, was brought at sundown by a messenger hot and furious from the seat of massacre. We give, therefore, with more than common pleasure, the names, age, place of nativity, and last residence, before emigration to Texas, of the delegates who signed the declaration of independence of the republic of Texas, convened in the town of Washington, on the 2d March, 1836:

Signers Name:	*Ages.*	*Place of Nativity.*	*Last Residence.*
Richard Ellis, Pres.	54	Virginia,	Alabama.
Charles B. Stewart,	30	South Carolina,	Louisiana.
James Collingworth,	30	Tennessee,	Tennessee.
Edwin Waller,	35	Virginia,	Missouri.
Asa Brigham,	46	Massachusetts,	Louisiana.
J. D. S. Byrone,	38	Georgia,	Florida.
Francisco Ruez,	84	Bexar, Mexico,	Bexar.
J. Antonio Navarro,	41	Bexar, Mexico,	Bexar.
J. B. Badgett,	29	North Carolina,	Arkansas.
W. D. Lacy,	28	Kentucky,	Tennessee.
Wm. Menifee,	40	Tennessee,	Alabama.
John Fisher,	36	Virginia,	Virginia.
Matthew Caldwell,	38	Kentucky,	Missouri.
William Motely,	24	Virginia,	Kentucky.
Lorenzo de Zavalla,	47	Yucatan, Mex.	France or Mex.
Geo W Smith,	33	North Carolina,	Alabama.
Stephen H. Everitt,	29	New-York,	New-York.
Elijah Stapp,	53	Virginia,	Missouri.
Claiborne West,	36	Tennessee,	Louisiana.
W B. Scates,	30	Virginia,	Kentucky.
Michael B Menard,	31	Canada,	Illinois.
A. B Hardin,	38	Georgia,	Tennessee.
John W. Buntin,	28	Tennessee,	Tennessee.
Thomas J Gazley,	35	New-York,	Louisiana.
Robert M. Coleman,	37	Kentucky,	Kentucky.
S. C. Robertson,	30	North Carolina,	Tennessee.
Geo C Childers,	32	Tennessee,	Tennessee.
Bailey Hardiman,	41	Tennessee,	Tennessee
Robert Potter,	36	North Carolina,	North Carolina.
Thomas J Rusk,	29	South Carolina,	Georgia
Charles S. Taylor,	28	England,	New-York.
John S Roberts,	40	Virginia,	Louisiana.
Robert Hamilton,	53	Scotland,	North Carolina.
Colin McKenny,	70	New Jersey,	Kentucky.
A. H. Latimore,	27	Tennessee,	Tennessee.
James Power,	48	Ireland,	Louisiana.
Sam Houston,	43	Virginia,	Tennessee.
David Thomas,	36	Tennessee,	Tennessee.
E. Conrad,	26	Pennsylvania,	Pennsylvania.
Martin Parmer,	58	Virginia,	Missouri.
E. O. Le Grand,	33	North Carolina,	Alabama.
S. W. Blount,	28	Georgia,	Georgia.
James Gaines,	63	Virginia,	Virginia.
W Clark, jr.	73	North Carolina,	Georgia.
S O. Pennington,	27	Kentucky,	Arkansas.
Wm C Crawford,	31	North Carolina,	Alabama.
John Turner,	34	North Carolina,	Tennessee.
Benj B Goodrich,	37	Virginia,	Alabama.
Geo W. Bernet,	43	South Carolina,	Mississippi.
James G. Swisher,	41	Tennessee,	Tennessee.
Jesse Grimes,	48	North Carolina,	Alabama.
S. Rhoads Fisher,	41	Pennsylvania,	Pennsylvania.
Saml. A Mavereck,	29	South Carolina,	South Carolina.
John White Bower,	27	Georgia,	Arkansas.
J. B. Woods,	34	Kentucky,	Kentucky.
John W. Moore,	89	Pennsylvania,	Tennessee.
Andrew Briscoe,	49	Mississippi,	Mississippi.

General Items.

Colt.—This unfortunate man has been sentenced to be hung for the murder of Adams; but his case is yet to be brought before the Court of Errors. Imprisonment, and the terrible chances of his situation seem to have had no power to bend his pride. Half as much obstinate courage would have made his fortune as a soldier in the middle ages. He begged the judge to read his sentence, without troubling him with useless remarks. He said he had done nothing which he would not do again; for he acted in self-defense, and he was not the man to be tamely insulted. This is the stuff that generals are made of. "*One* murder makes a villain; *thousands*, a hero."

Cotton.—The southwestern papers seem to agree that the cotton crop this year will prove much less than the average one. The rust has done a good deal of damage, and cold winds have caused the bolls to drop.

Flood in the Genesee.—The Dansville Republican of the 22d of September says—"It has not rained quite forty days, but the country is literally afloat. The bridges in the narrow valleys are nearly all carried off—thousands and thousands of bushels of oats have been swept away by the floods, and rotted in the fields—and if it continues much longer, the farmers may despair of getting their wheat in the ground this fall."

Burning at Sea.—On the 30th of August the brig Impulse, on her voyage from Baltimore to Kingston, Jamaica, fell in with the ship St. Louis, of and from Boston for New Orleans, on fire, and took from her the captain, crew and passengers, twenty-four in number. So rapid was the progress of the flames, that before those on board the Impulse had lost sight of the St. Louis, she had burned to the water's edge.

The fire was first discovered in the ladies cabin, about seven o'clock in the evening of the 29th. The vessel had therefore been on fire all night, and part of the next day, before she was fallen in with by the Impulse. What a night of horror that must have been on board the burning ship.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

NOTICES.

TAKE NOTICE!

County Conventions of the abolitionists in Western New-York will be held in the following places, on and after the 12th of August; to commence at 10 o'clock. A. M.

Onondaga county, Syracuse, Oct, 7, Friday. Hudson, &c. to be present.

Chenango county, Oxford, Oct. 11, Tuesday. Tucker, &c. to be present.

Oswego county, Pulaski, Oct. 14, Friday. Hudson, &c. to be present.

Madison county, Cazenovia, Oct. 18, Tuesday. Tucker, &c. to be present.

Oneida county, Rome, Oct. 21, Friday. Hudson, &c to be present.

Otsego county, Cooperstown, Oct. 25, Tuesday. Tucker, &c. to be present.

——— county, ———, Oct. 28, Friday. Hudson, Tucker, Kelley, Douglas, Ferris, Smith, Bostwick, and Weed.

E. D. Hudson, Jacob Ferris, and —— Weed, will lecture in the upper tier of counties, preparatory to the conventions; and J. N. T. Tucker, —— Smith, and N. Bostwick, will lecture in the lower tier of counties, preparatory to the conventions. Abby Kelley and Frederic Douglas will lecture in the places of holding the conventions, preparatory to their being held, and will attend the conventions in both tier of counties.

Letters and papers may be directed to the places where each set of agents will be present at the conventions.

GREAT STATE CONVENTION IN PITTSBURG.

To the Abolitionists in Western Pennsylvania:

DEAR FRIENDS—The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society has authorized me to invite you to attend a State Anti-Slavery Convention, to be held in Pittsburg, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, October 12th, 13th, and 14th. It is desirable that this should be, and it is confidently expected that this will be, the largest gathering of the friends of freedom ever held in Western Pennsylvania. Now that two and a half millions of our fellow-countrymen are in chains—that our rights are cloven down, so that we speak by sufferance—that mobocracy has disgraced almost every part of our country—that the freedom of speech, the right of petition, and of locomotion are denied us—that our trade is prostrate, our credit impaired, and our prosperity paralyzed—that our religion is evil spoken of, our institutions contemned, and our country a hissing and a byword before all the civilized nations of the globe, it becomes us all, to unite with one heart and one mind, to labor, with persevering zeal and efficiency, to bring the murderous system of American slavery, (the great cause of our present troubles and disgraceful position,) to a speedy termination. Let all the abolitionists, from the Ohio river to the Alleghany mountains, and from the Virginia line to the State of New-York, see that extensive notice is given of this meeting, and be present themselves; and each one bring along one or two of their unconverted neighbors. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Charles Lenox Remond, John A. Collins, and other true and well known friends of the cause, will be in attendance.

Brethren, sisters, and friends, to the rescue!!! The slave is cl

Poetry.

From Wordsworth's New Volume of Poems.

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS.

I shiver, Spirit fierce and bold,
At thought of what I now behold:
As vapors breathed from dungeons cold,
Strike pleasures dead;
So sadness comes from out the mould
Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,
And thou forbidden to appear?
As if it were thyself that's here,
I shrink with pain;
And both my wishes and my fear
Alike are vain.

Off weight—nor press on weight!—away
Dark thoughts!—they came, but not to stay;
With chastened feelings would I pay
The tribute due
To him, and aught that hides his day
From mortal view.

Fresh as the flowers, whose modest worth
He sang, his genius "glinted" forth,
Rose like a star that touching earth,
For so it seems,
Doth glorify its humble birth
With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,
The struggling heart, where be they now?—
Full soon the aspirant of the plough,
The prompt, the brave,
Slept, with the obscurest, in the low
And silent grave.

Well might I mourn that he was gone,
Whose light I hailed when first it shone;
When, breaking forth as nature's own,
It showed my youth,
How verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.

Alas! where'er the current tends,
Regret pursues and with it blends,—
Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends
By Skiddaw seen,—
Neighbors we were, and loving friends
We might have been;

True friends, though diversely inclined;
But heart with heart and mind with mind;
Where the main fibres are entwined,
Through nature's skill,
May even by contraries be joined
More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow;
Thou "poor inhabitant below,"
At this dread moment—even so—
Might we together
Have sat and talked where gowans blow,
Or on wild heather.

What treasures would have then been placed
Within my reach; of knowledge graced
By fancy, what a rich repast!
But why go on?—
Oh! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,
His grave grass-grown.

There, too, a son, his joy and pride,
(Not three weeks past the stripling died,)
Lies gathered to his Father's side,
Soul-moving sight!
Yet one to which is not denied
Some sad delight.

For *he* is safe; a quiet bed
Hath early found among the dead,
Harbored where none can be misled,
Wronged, or distrest;
And surely here it may be said
That such are blest.

And oh, for Thee, by pitying grace
Checked ofttimes in a devious race,
May He who halloweth the place
Where man is laid,
Receive thy spirit in the embrace
For which it prayed!

Sighing I turned away; but ere
Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear,
Music that sorrow comes not near,
A ritual hymn,
Chanted in love that casts out fear
By Seraphim.

Thoughts suggested the day following, on the banks of Nith, near the poet's residence.

Too frail to keep the lofty vow
That must have followed when his brow
Was wreathed—"The vision" tells us how—
With holly spray,
He faltered, drifted to and fro,
And passed away.

Well might such thoughts, dear sister, throng
Our minds when, lingering ah, too long,
Over the grave of Burns we hung—
In social grief—
Indulged as if it were a wrong
To seek relief.

But, leaving each unquiet theme
Where gentlest judgments may misdeem,
And prompt to welcome every gleam
Of good and fair,
Let us beside this limpid stream
Breathe hopeful air.

Enough of sorrow, wreck, and blight;
Think rather of those moments bright
When to the consciousness of right
His course was true,
When wisdom prospered in his sight
And virtue grew.

Yes, freely let our hearts expand,
Freely as in youth's seasons bland,
When side by side, his book in hand,
We wont to stray;
Our pleasure varying at command
Of each sweet lay.

How oft inspired must he have trod
These pathways, yon far-stretching road!
There lurks his home; in that abode,
With mirth elate,
Or in his nobly-pensive mood,
The rustic sate.

Proud thoughts that image overawes,
Before it humbly let us pause,
And ask of nature what cause,
And by what rules,
She trained her Burns to win applause
That shames the schools.

Through busiest street and loneliest glen
Are felt the flashes of his pen;
He rules mid winter snows, and when
Bees fill their hives;
Deep in the general heart of men
His power survives.

What need of fields in some far clime,
Where heroes, sages, bards sublime,
And all that fetched the flowing rhyme
From genuine springs,
Shall dwell together till old Time
Folds up his wings?

Sweet mercy! to the gates of Heaven
This minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavor,
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,
Effaced forever.

But why to him confine the prayer,
When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear
On the frail heart the purest share
With all that live?—
The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive!

Miscellany.

From the "Forest Life" of Mrs. Clavers.

LOVE IN THE FOREST.

(Concluded.)

Seymour's broken arm might have been no very terrible accident for a young backwoodsman, but the excitement and agitation of his mind were unfavorable to a speedy cure, and for several days, the physician went backward and forward between Mr. Hay's and Mr. Ellingham's, leaving almost equally anxious faces in both. But happily, all went well, and Mrs. Thurston and Seymour were nearly at the same time convalescent. The latter was most carefully nursed at Mr. Hay's, and occasionally visited for a few moments by Caroline herself. She was looking pale, sad, and spirit-worn, from her long anxiety and confinement, added to the distressing thoughts naturally arising from the whole course of the Avenard affair. Between Seymour and herself, there was a hopeful degree of constraint; for in his account of the affray, he had unavoidably allowed it to be guessed, that jealousy was the moving cause of the young man's fury; and this presenting him in a new light to Caroline, forbade her feeling quite the ancient cool indifference, while Seymour, novice-like, was amusingly conscious.

Mr. Thurston now began to think of his return home, and he left nothing unsaid or undone to show his sense of the kindness with which he had been treated. He proposed to our friend Seymour to return with him to New-York.

Seymour gratefully acknowledged Mr. Thurston's generous kindness, and, Mr. Hay coming in at the moment, the proposition was submitted for his judgment.

"You would probably live and die a richer man, Seymour," said he, "in the city than in the country; whether you would be a happier one may be doubted. But you are young enough to make the trial, and you have good sense enough to give it up if you find yourself unfitted, by character or habit, for a city life." And here the matter rested for the present.

Mr. Hay, who had always been extremely active in his habits, was now failing in health in some degree, though he had hardly yet reached the age when "the strong men shall bow themselves." He had been among the earliest pioneers of the West, and the labors and privations of his younger days had left their traces in his constitution, producing a premature old age not uncommon among the settlers. His interest in the duties and occupations of his situation was in nowise diminished, yet he was frequently prevented from taking his usual active part in them; a state of things which affected his spirits more than he was willing to own.

About the time of which we have been speaking, and particularly a day or two after Mr. Thurston's proposal to Seymour, Mr. Hay was quite indisposed, and more than usually depressed in spirits, in consequence of being unable to attend an election in which his old adjutant, Tim Rice, was much interested. Seymour, who observed his uneasiness, offered to go in his place, and supply the deficiency as well as he could; and Mr. Hay, though fearful that Seymour was not yet strong enough for the effort, permitted him to make it, and gave him the necessary instructions.

As he was going out, accoutred for the trip, he encountered Hiss Hay in the hall.

"Are you going to ride this morning?" said she.

"Yes, to ——, to try to forward the election of your old friend, Tim Rice."

"My friend!" said the young lady, with a scornful curl of the lip. "But you are not well enough! You look very pale!"

"Pale! do I?" said Seymour, the blood rushing to his face to supply the deficiency.

Caroline blushed most sympathetically, and after an instant's awkward pause, and without another word spoken, Seymour mounted his horse and was off. He had not been in so good spirits in a long time. Perhaps the brilliant opening offered by Mr. Thurston inspired him. It certainly could not have been so slight a thing as a young lady's blush.

Arrived at the ground, he set about his second-hand canvassing, with the very best intentions of fulfilling Mr. Hay's directions and wishes. His own partialities were certainly not in favor of Tim Rice, since we cannot always love our benefactors; and his view of Tim's character was a good deal clearer, and cooler, and less indulgent, than was Mr. Hay's; this latter gentleman being what may well be called a warm friend, though he could not justly be styled a bitter enemy.

Seymour found Tim already warmly engaged, and all the world shouting at the very top of their powers, in order to make things clearer. There was a considerable assemblage of the farmers of the neighborhood, and we may venture to assert, without having been present, that a more respectable looking set of men cannot be found anywhere under the same circumstances.

A cart, drawn up within convenient distance from the scene of action, contained the elements of a hundred quarrels, and twice the number of black eyes; and there was still a standing place left on the back part. On this conspicuous perch, sure of entranced and stationary auditors, Mr. Rice now exhibited his well-known person, not dressed as for a gala-day, but studiously slovenly and common in his array. The time for opening the poll was near at hand, and not a moment was to be lost.

"Gentlemen," said the orator, taking off his hat, and waving it in a courteous and inviting manner, while he wiped his brow with a faded cotton handkerchief,—"Gentlemen! may I beg your attention for a few moments. You are aware that I do not often draw very largely on your patience, and also that I am not a man who is fond of talking about himself. It is indeed a most unpleasant thing to me to be in a manner forced to advocate my own cause, and nothing short of the desire I feel to have an opportunity of advancing the interest of my friends and neighbors in the legislature, would induce me to submit to it."

Somebody groaned, "Oh, Tim, that's tough!"

"Yes, gentlemen, as you observe, it *is* tough; it is a thing that always hurts a man's feelings. But, as I was observing, we must go through with whatever is for the good of our country. The greatest good of the greatest number, *I* say!"

By this time the auditory had greatly increased, and comprised indeed nearly all the voters. Mr. Rice went on with increasing animation.

"This is the principle to go upon, and if this was only carried out, we should all have been better off long ago. This is where the legislature wants mending. They always stop short of the right mark. They get frightened, gentlemen! yes, frightened, scar't! they always have a lot of these small souls among them—souls cut after a scant pattern—souls that are afraid of their own shadows—that object to all measures that would really relieve the people; so they just give the people a taste to keep them quiet, and no more, for fear of what folks a thousand miles off would say! You've heard of the jackass that was scar't at a penny trumpet—well, these jackasses are scar't at what is'nt louder than a penny trumpet, nor half so loud."

Here was a laugh, which gave the orator time to moisten his throat from a tumbler handed up by a friend.

"Gentlemen," continued Mr. Rice, "some people talk as if what debts were not paid were lost; but it is no such thing. What one man don't get, t'other keeps; so it is all the same in the long run. Folks ought to be accommodating; and if they are accommodating, they won't object to any measures for the relief of the people; and if they don't want to be accommodating, we'll just make 'em, that's all!

"Some say it's bad to keep altering and altering the laws, till nobody knows what the law is. That's a pretty principle, to be sure; what do we have a legislature for, I should like to know, if not to make laws? Do we pay them two dollars and fifty cents a day to sit still and do nothing? Look at the last legislature. They did not hold on above two months, and passed rising of two hundred laws, and didn't work o' Sundays neither. Such men are the men you want, if they'll only carry the laws far enough to do some good.

"Now, gentlemen, I see the poll's open, and I s'pose you want to be off, so I will not detain you much longer. All I have to observe is, that although I am far from commending myself, I must give you my candid opinion that a certain person who has thrust himself before the public on this occasion, is unworthy of the suffrages of a free and enlightened community like this. He's a man that's always talking about doing justice to all, and keeping up the reputation of the State, and a great deal more stuff of the same sort; but it's all humbug! nothing else; and he has an axe of his own to grind, just like the rest of us. And worse than all, gentlemen, as you very well know, he's one of these teetotallers, that are trying to coax free born Americans to sign away their liberty, and make hypocrites of 'em. I'm a man that will never refuse to take a glass of grog with a fellow-citizen because he wears a ragged coat. Liberty and equality, *I* say—hurrah for liberty and equality; three cheers for liberty and equality, and down with the teetotallers!"

The orator had been so attentive to the tumbler, that the sincerity of the latter part of his speech at least could not be doubted, and indeed his vehemence was such as to alarm Seymour, who felt already somewhat ashamed of the cause he was bound to advocate, and who feared that a few more tumblers would bring Tim to a point which would render his advocacy unavailing. He therefore sought an opportunity for a few moments' private talk with the candidate, and ventured to hint that if he became so enthusiastic that he could not stand, he would have very little chance of sitting in the legislature.

Now, Mr. Rice liked not such quiet youths as our friend Seymour, and especially in his present elevated frame did he look down with supreme contempt upon anything in the shape of advice on so delicate a subject; so that Seymour got an answer which by no means increased his zeal in Mr. Rice's service, though he still resolved to do his best to fulfill the wishes of Mr. Hay.

Rice's conduct throughout the day was in keeping with the beginning which we have described, and such was the disgust with which it inspired Seymour, that he at length concluded to quit the field, and tell Mr. Hay frankly, that it was impossible for him to further the interests of so unprincipled a candidate.

Mr. Hay felt exceedingly vexed, and not at all well pleased with Seymour, and visited his anger upon him, as old gentlemen will do upon young ones sometimes, by saying some things rather hard to bear. Tim Rice had always been much under restraint when in Mr. Hay's presence, and from his quickness and readiness as a business man, had acquired no small share of his good graces—a sort of habitual liking which sometimes goes farther with us than a better founded esteem would do.

So Seymour was in disgrace all day, which called forth the sympathies of the fair Caroline, who was but a soft-hearted little thing after all, and prone to take part with misfortune in any shape. She told him that her father was really ill, as anybody might observe, and that he was only a little cross now and then, and so good all the rest of the time that it made up for it, and a good deal more,—and such like maidenly topics of consolation; and Seymour was consoled; though evening brought intelligence of the complete defeat of Mr. Rice, and Mr. Hay was more pettish than ever. Mr. Rice had found listeners and cheerers during the lucid exposition of his sentiments, (which we were empowered to give through the kindness of an able reporter,) but when it came to the matter of actually putting into office a person of such accommodating views, the sober farmers had quietly cast their influence into the other scale, and elected a candidate who never made a stump speech in his life.

The very next morning, when Mr. Hay arose from the breakfast table, and laid his hand on the great Bible as a signal for the commencement of family worship, that hand dropped powerless at his side, and he sank helpless, though not insensible, upon the floor. He tried to speak, wishing to reassure the terrified family, but no sound emanated from those revered lips, and in a few moments more he sank back with closed eyes and the pallor of death upon his countenance.

It was evidently an apoplectic seizure, and there was no physician within four miles. The agonizing distress of all may be conceived by those who have witnessed such scenes under such circumstances; but of these the dweller in the close-packed city can have but little idea. What, then, was the relief of Mrs. Hay, when Seymour asked to be allowed to bleed Mr. Hay, saying that he had learned the art with an especial view to such emergencies. He was hailed as a minister of mercy, and when he performed the office with ease, and when returning animation was the result, not a member of the family but could have knelt at his feet to bless him for the kind forethought which had prompted him to acquire so inestimable a knowledge.

When Mr. Hay was in some measure restored, it was found that his right hand was almost useless, and that he was otherwise much disabled by this sudden attack. Seymour attended him constantly, and was made to hear, oftener than he wished, the regrets of his kind old friend at the thought of that day's pettishness.

Mr. Thurston was often at the bedside of the invalid, and when he saw him recovering, he at last asked Seymour if he had come to a decision in his favor. "Here are our friends round us," said Mr. Thurston, "here is thine own father—now tell me, may I hope that thy mind is to go with us and share our lot? Depend on me for doing at least all I promise."

Seymour cast his eyes round the assembly, and every look was turned on him. He knew his father now felt sufficient confidence in him to be willing he should decide for himself; but he looked at Mr. Hay, helpless and dependent, and thought of his growing infirmities, and emotion choked his utterance.

"Thou can'st not decide?" said Mr. Thurston.

"O, Seymour! don't go and leave—father," said Caroline Hay—tears trembling in her eyes, and Seymour's difficulties were solved in an instant.

"I believe I may be more useful here," said he to Mr. Thurston, "and if more useful, more happy; so I can only return heartfelt thanks for your generous offer."

"Thou art right, undoubtedly," said the Friend, "but I wish my path could have been thine."

* * * * * * * *

Among the loads of gifts and keepsakes sent back by Mr. and Mrs. Thurston after they once more reached their home, was a valuable case of books for Seymour, and one of more lady-like reading for Caroline; and with the latter came a dress so delicately fancied that it would have done very well to "stand up in meeting" with, for one of the plainest of the drab sisterhood. "I shall like to imagine thee dressed in it, dear Caroline," wrote Mrs. Thurston, "and I know it will suit friend Seymour's taste right well."

He did not find fault with it certainly, for in some few months after that time it was worn as a wedding dress, and to Seymour at least Caroline had never looked so beautiful.

* * * * * * * *

A wedded life begun by an act of virtuous sacrifice can scarcely fail to be a happy one. That complacency of temper which sheds light over the darkest hour is never more surely nourished than by the habitual pleasure of doing good and conferring happiness. Seymour is Mr. Hay's right hand, and his influence, and that of his fair and gracious Caroline, is a daily blessing to the younger members of both families. I feel assured that we shall be able to point to them half a dozen years hence as a proof that cultivation and refinement are anything but lost in the country.

WITHOUT ARMS, THE BEST DEFENSE.

The writer was once favored to sit with that well-known and much-esteemed minister of the gospel, George Dilwyn, at his fireside, in Burlington city, where he related the following:

"A little before the revolutionary war, there were a few families of Friends, who had removed from Duchess county, and settled at Easton, then in Saratoga county, and State of New-York. These requested the favor of holding a religious meeting, which was granted. The section of country proved to be one which was so much distressed by scouting parties, from both the British and American armies, that the American government, unable to protect the inhabitants, issued a proclamation, directing them to leave the country; and they did generally go. Friends requested to be permitted to exercise their own judgment; saying, 'You are clear of us, in that you have warned us;' remained at their homes, and kept up their meetings. Robert Nisbet, who lived at that time at East Hoosack, about thirty miles distant, felt a concern to walk through the then wilderness country, and sit with Friends at their week-day meetings. As they were sitting in meeting, with their door open, they discovered an Indian peeping round the door post. When he saw Friends sitting without word or deed, he stepped forward and took a full view of all that was in the house; then he and his company, placing their arms in a corner of the room, took seats with Friends, and so remained till the meeting closed.—Zebulon Hoxie, one of the Friends present, then invited them to his house, put a cheese and what bread he had on the table, and invited them to help themselves. They did so, and went quietly and harmlessly away. Before their departure, however, Robert Nisbet, who could speak and understand the French tongue, had a conversation with their leader, in French. He told Robert that they surrounded the house, intending to destroy all that were in it; 'but,' said he, 'when we saw you sitting with your door open, and without weapons of defense, we had no disposition to hurt you—we would have fought *for* you.' This party had human scalps with them."

The writer, when reflecting upon this extraordinary circumstance, concluded to call on Zebulon Hoxie, who said, "the occurrence had been clearly stated by our dear, aged friend, George Dilwyn."—*The Friend, Literary Journal.*

EPITOME OF WAR.

The history of every war is very like a scene I once saw in Nithsdale. Two boys, from different schools, met one fine day upon the ice. They eyed each other with rather jealous and indignant looks, and with defiance on each brow. "What are ye glowrin' at, Billy?" "What's that to you? I'll look where I have a mind; an' hinder me, if ye daur." A hearty blow was the return to this; and then such a battle begun! It being Saturday, all the boys of both schools were on the ice, and the fight instantly became general and desperate. At one time, they fought with missile weapons, such as stones and snow-balls; but at length they coped in a rage, and many bloody raps were liberally given and received. I went up to try if I could pacify them; for by this time a number of little girls had joined in the affray, and I was afraid they would be killed. So, addressing the one party, I asked what they were pelting the others for—what they had done to them. "O, naething at a', man; we just want to gie them a good thrashin." After fighting till they were quite exhausted, one of the principal heroes stepped forth between, covered with blood, and his clothes torn to tatters, and addressed the belligerent parties, thus: "Weel, I'll tell you what we'll do wi' ye; if ye'll let us alane, we'll let you alane." There was no more of it—the war was at an end, and the boys scattered away to their play. I thought at the time, and have often thought since, that that trivial affray was the best epitome of war in general, that I had ever seen.—Kings and ministers of State are just a set of grown up children, exactly like the children I speak of; with only this material difference—that instead of fighting out the needless quarrels they have raised, they sit in safety and look on, hound out their innocent but servile subjects to battle; and then, after a waste of blood and treasure, are glad to make the boy's conditions: "If ye'll let us alane, we'll let you alane."—*Lay Sermons, by the Ettrick Shepherd.*

EXTRAORDINARY TROTTING MATCH.

We cut the following from an English paper. It appears to us that the *rider*, in this case, was a very *appropriate* one; and if all the SPECTATORS at trotting matches were of the same species, the world would be better off:

"On Tuesday afternoon, a gray pony, twelve hands and a half high, the property of Mr. Burke, a gentleman well known on the turf, was backed for £50 to trot 14 miles within the hour, with a monkey for its rider, in an enclosure attached to the Rosemary Branch, Peckham. The monkey, according to the conditions of the match, was booted, spurred, and otherwise attired after the fashion of the jockies at Epsom or Newmarket, and rode the pony in the usual style, with saddle and bridle. The monkey selected was Signor Jocko, belonging to Mr. Batty, the equestrian manager, who had already earned considerable reputation by his performances in the circle at the Surrey, and other metropolitan and provincial theatres. At the appointed time the 'Signor' made his appearance, attended by one of the roughriders belonging to Mr. Batty's establishment. He was dressed a la Chifney, or Scott, his jacket and buckskins being built by a first rate west-end schneider, and his top boots would have done honor even to the renowned Hoby. The colors he sported were red and white, and in his right paw he carried a handsome riding-whip, and also wore a pair of small spurs buckled round his boots. The pony he was mounted on is a very fast trotter, but notwithstanding his performances, time was in this instance backed at odds. After the arrangement of the usual preliminaries the start took place; Mr. Burke, and a gentleman, the friend of the party who had taken the bet, cantering on each side of the pony, with one or two others galloping in the rear. He performed the distance in 56 minutes and 53 seconds of the given time; consequently having three minutes and seven seconds to spare, and was not at all distressed. The signor rode in first-rate style, came in with the whip in his mouth, and appeared quite conscious of his own merits as an equestrian."

DESOLATION OF THE VICINITY OF ROME.

Miss Sedgwick presents the following vivid picture of the desolation which surrounds the Eternal City:

"Our last post was through the dreary waste that encompasses Rome. The Campagne is not, as I had ignorantly supposed, a level, but presents an undulated surface, without morasses or stagnant water, or anything that indicates unwholesomeness, except its utter desertion. The grass looks rich and rank as if sprung from a virgin soil, and its tints are glowing even at this season. There are scattered here and there large flocks of sheep with lean, haggard, half-clothed shepherds and shepherd's dogs—and there are herds of oxen of a very large and beautiful species, and with horns as beautiful as antlers. But with these exceptions there is no life. From the summit of the hills, and there are considerable hills, the eye stretches over a wide reach of country, extending miles in every direction, and here and there an old barrack-like dwelling, a crumbling tower, a shrine, or a crucifix, but no cheerful habitations, no curling smoke, no domestic sounds—nothing that indicates human life and 'country contentment.' It is one vast desolation, a fit surrounding for a tomb of nations! As we caught the view of St. Peter's and the domes and spires of the 360 churches at Rome, it seems as if life was still beating at the heart of the body doomed to die first at the extremities."

ANECDOTE.

A good story is going the rounds of the newspapers, about a man in New-York, who had a singular passion for buying quantities of second-hand furniture, and any other articles, at auction, that were sold *cheap*, whether he had actual use for them or not, and therefore dear at any price. Having filled his house with useless and antiquated articles, his wife, a prudent, careful woman, annoyed at his extravagance, very quietly, and without consulting him, "took the responsibility" of sending a quantity of the useless truck to an auction room to be sold.—Great was her dismay and astonishment, when on the evening of a sale, a large majority of the things came back to the house. Her husband had unfortunately stumbled into the auction room, and not recognizing his own furniture, had repurchased it at better bargains than at first!"

TRINKET WORM.

Among the novelties in nature which we saw in Charleston, was a small worm, called the trinket-worm, characterised by this peculiarity, which gave rise to its name. On the leaves of a wild vine called the trinket vine, is found a small worm, which looks at first like a small piece of white thread, and is almost motionless. If the leaf be taken off and placed under a glass case in a room, this little thread will, in the short space of twenty-four hours, grow into a good sized caterpillar, beautifully colored, and studded with golden spots. When matured, it will climb up the glass, fasten one of its extremities to the glass roof, and leaving the other depending in the air, will curl itself into a great variety of forms, presenting exquisite patterns for gold trinkets; such as ear-rings, brooches, clasps, &c. and varying these from time to time in great diversity; from whence its name.—*Buckingham's Slave States of America.*

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS AND FARMERS.

Butter.—At a late agricultural meeting in Maine, it was stated that one great reason why the butter made by Quakers in Fairfield had so great reputation, and sold for so high a price, was that they were careful to procure the best description of *coarse salt*, and cleaned and pulverized it for the manufacture of their butter.

To keep the Hands soft and pliable.—Rub the hands well in soap, till a lather is produced; then rub on a little sand. After rubbing well, wash in warm water. If this is done two or three times a day, the hands will keep soft, in all situations.

Putty.—The putty used by glaziers, is a mixture of linseed oil and powdered chalk.

Preparing Food for Cattle.—1. Mix coarse straw and similar coarse materials with about one-third the quantity of hay; sprinkle over it a small quantity of brine; pass the whole through a cutting machine, and feed it out in deep troughs, and none of it will be wasted by being trodden under foot. A very large quantity may be prepared at a time, if found convenient to do so.

2. Fill a large, tight box with any desired quantity of chopped corn stalks, and with about one twenty-fifth part of their bulk, coarsely-ground meal, mixed equally through them. Let steam pass into them from a boiler, for an hour, and they will then form a most nutritious and palatable food for cattle, especially for milch cows. Or the meal may be boiled with a large quantity of water, and then poured, while boiling hot, upon the chopped food without steaming. In both cases, a small quantity of salt should be sprinkled over them.

Every means of saving hay is of vital importance to the farmer; for it is far more pleasant to be able to sell hay, at ten or fifteen dollars a ton, than to purchase it at that price, to keep alive a herd of starving cattle.—*Cultivator.*

Feeding Animals.—In feeding animals, one fact should not be lost sight of; which is, that animals fed on vegetable fibres, such as hay and grass, receive the most carbon, and therefore take on *fat*, and increase in *bulk*, as carbon is the base of all oils, fat, &c.; while animals fed on grain, receive the most nitrogen, which forms the base of the *muscular* part of animals, and gives them their power and endurance. The farmer who expects his horses or oxen to wear well in work, must give them grain; otherwise, their flesh will be of a quality that will not endure; and however well they may look at the commencement of labor, their flesh, without muscular consistence and firmness, will go like a spring frost.—*Albany Cultivator.*

Gathering and preserving Apples.—Various theories have been offered for preserving apples in a sound state for winter use, or distant voyages.—Some have proposed gathering the fruit before it is ripe, and drying it on floors before it is put up; this has been tried; the apples lose all their flavor, and keep no better than by some less troublesome modes. Dr. Noah Webster recommends that they should be put down between layers of sand which has been dried by the heat of summer. This is without doubt an excellent mode; as it excludes the air, and absorbs the moisture, and must be useful when apples are to be shipped to a warm climate.

Chopped up straw has also been highly recommended to be placed between the layers of fruit; but I have noticed that the straw, from the perspiration that it imbibes, becomes musty, and may probably do more hurt than good. When apples are to be exported, it has been recommended that each be separately wrapped in coarse paper, in the manner oranges and lemons are usually put up.—This is without doubt an excellent mode. And Mr. Loudon has recommended that apples destined for Europe should be packed between layers of grain.

Great quantities of fine fruit are raised in the vicinity of Boston, and put up for winter, for the markets, and exportation. The following is the mode almost universally adopted by the most experienced; and by this mode, apples, under very unfavorable circumstances, are frequently preserved in a sound state, or not one in fifty defective, for a period of seven or eight months. The fruit is suffered to hang on the tree to as late a period as possible in October, or till hard frosts have loosened the stalks, and are in imminent danger of being blown down by high winds; such as have already fallen, are carefully gathered and inspected, and the best are kept for early winter use. They are carefully gathered from the tree by hand, and as carefully laid in baskets. New, tight, well-seasoned flour barrels from the bakers, are usually preferred; the baskets, being filled, are cautiously lowered into the barrels, and reversed. The barrels, being quite filled, are gently shaken, and the head is gently pressed down to its place, and secured.

It is observed that this pressure never causes them to rot next the head; and is necessary, as they are never allowed to rattle in moving. No soft straw or shavings are admitted at the ends; it causes mustiness and decay. They are next carefully placed in wagons, and removed on the *bulge*, and laid in course, in a cool, airy situation, on the north side of buildings, near the cellar, protected by a covering on the top, of boards, so placed as to defend them from the sun and rain, while the air is not excluded at the sides. A chill does not injure them; it is no disservice; when extreme cold weather comes on, and they are in imminent danger of being frozen, whether by night or day, they are carefully rolled into a cool, airy, dry cellar, with openings on the north side, that the cold air may have free access; they are laid in tiers, and the cellar is in due time closed, and rendered secure from frost. The barrels are never tumbled, or placed on the head.

Apples keep best when in dry season, and on dry soils. If fruit is gathered late, and according to the above directions, repacking is unnecessary; it is even ruinous, and should on no occasion be practiced, till the barrel is opened for use. It has been fully tried.

When apples are to be exported, Mr. Cobbett has recommended that they should, if possible, be carried on deck; otherwise, between decks. Between decks is the place; and in the most dry, cool, and airy part.—*Kendrick's New American Orchardist.*

Miscellaneous Items.

Rum's Doings.—We learn from the St. Albans Messenger, Vermont, that Mr. James Powell, who owns one of the most beautiful farms on the Lamoille, and is considered well off in this world's goods, was committed to the county jail on the 4th ultimo, on suspicion of being either the instigator or the perpetrator of the murder of his wife. The unfortunate woman mysteriously disappeared a few days before, and after diligent search her body was found in the river near Powell's house, with such bruises upon it as to warrant the coroner's jury in bringing in a verdict that she came to her death by violence. Powell has been intemperate for a long time; in consequence of which, he and his wife have not lived peaceably together.

Important Decision in a Religious Controversy.—The English House of Lords have recently made a final decision, in the long contested case, known to many of our readers, as Lady Hewley's charity. This consisted of certain manors in York, left by Lady Hewley, in the time of Charles the Second, in trust, to support "godly preachers of Christ's holy gospel." In process of time, the trust fell entirely into the hands of Unitarians. Attention was drawn to the subject by the report of the charity commissioners, and a bill was filed in chancery to dispossess the Unitarians. The vice chancellor and the lord chancellor decided against the latter. On an appeal to the lords, the opinion of the judges was taken, and they decided that Unitarians do not come within the terms of the trust deeds. *Mr. Justice Erskine observing, that those who denied the Trinity were blasphemers;* and therefore they could not be intended by the term "godly preachers." This decision is final.

Speed.—Percival Keene, a new novel by Capt. Maryatt, was issued in London on the 1st of September, in three volumes, costing a guinea and a half. Here in New York, on the 21st, we have this whole work neatly printed, in an extra Brother Jonathan, for twelve and a half cents.

Sugar as a Manure.—A London paper states, that a merchant of Liverpool, engaged in the Brazil trade, has memorialized the board of trade to permit the importation into that country of sugar from Brazil, to be used as manure. The memorial states: It is rumored, that, whereas the new manure guano, cannot be imported for less than £15 per ton, coarse Brazil sugar can be imported at £14 per ton.

Molasses.—This, which is well known as a favorite among the Yankees, was probably never cheaper than at the present time. Distilling qualities sell in Boston by the cargo, at a fraction over 11 cents per gallon, and retailing at 14 or 15 cents. The last accounts from Havana state that it could be had there for nothing, by paying 1-2 cents per gallon for the cask. The sugar planters of the West Indies are suffering as severely as the cotton planters of the United States. The great increase of East India sugar has aided in depressing the price of the article.—*Newburyport Herald.*

Cotton Crop.—The annual statement of the shipping list makes the crop for last year 1,465,249.

Exported to England	935,631 bales.
" " France	398,129 "
" " Other places	51,533 "
Home consumption	267,850 "

	1842.	1841.
Crop from New Orleans	727,658	813,595
" Alabama	318,315	320,701*
" Florida	114,416	93,552
" Georgia	232,271	148,947
" South Carolina	260,164	227,400
" North Carolina	9,737	7,865
" Virginia	19,013	20,800

The crop of 1840—'41 was 1,634,945 bales.—*Emancipator.*

*In 1818 it was only 7000 bales.

Peach-Orchard Coal, $5 50 per Ton.

WM. P. POWELL, 61 Cherry street, will furnish at the lowest market prices, a superior quality of Peach-Orchard, Schuylkill, Lehigh, Lackawana, and Liverpool Coals. ☞Orders through the Post Office, and otherwise, if left at either of the following places, will be thankfully received, and promptly attended to,

At 143 Nassau street; 61 Cherry street; Office of People's Press, 9 Spruce street.

New-York, September 29, 1842.

NOTICE.

THE connection in business heretofore existing between the subscribers (Powell & Borden, 61 Cherry street) was dissolved by mutual consent, on the 10th inst. The affairs of the concern will be settled by us.

WM. P. POWELL,
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The business heretofore conducted by the firm, will in future be carried on at the same place by the subscriber, on his own account. WM. P. POWELL,

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September 29, 1842.

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The scholastic year embraces two terms, of five calendar months each; the school being vacated during the months of July and August.

No pupil is received for a shorter period than one term; and applicants who are unknown to the Principal, are expected to give satisfactory reference.

TERMS.—For the English branches, per term, $20
Extra for French, " 10
Extra for drawing and painting, " 10

N. B.—No charge for pens, ink, and fuel.

The school will re-open on the 1st of September; and the lectures on physiology will commence on the 7th, at 4 o'clock, P. M.; to which the friends of the lecturer are respectfully invited.

Philadelphia, Sept. 1, 1842. 3m

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